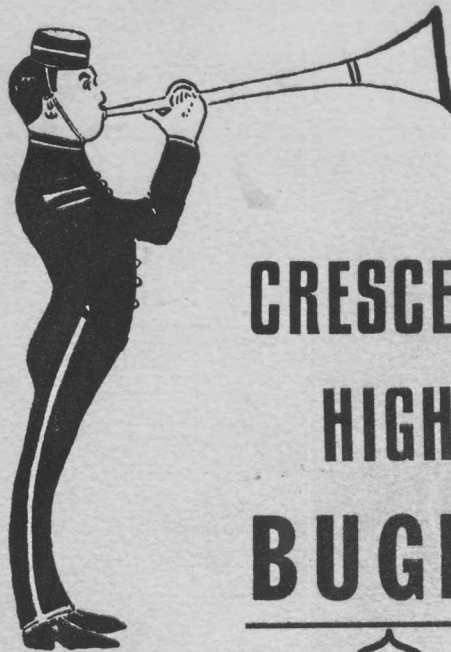


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X.L.H.

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1928**

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Crescent Heights Collegiate, we are loyal through and through,
Hurrah! C.H.C.I.

Chorus—

Glory, glory to the Crescent,
Glory, glory to the Crescent,
Glory, glory to the Crescent,
Hurrah! C.H.C.I.

C - R - E - S - C - E - N - T,
C - R - E - S - C - E - N - T,
C-R-E-S-C-E-N-T !

Crescents !

Crescents !!

Crescents !!!

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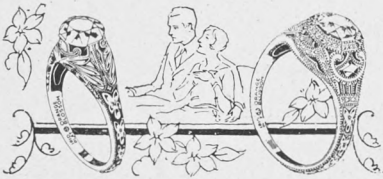
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"Who seeks to please all men,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work today,
But who knows when he'll end!!?!"

IN APPRECIATION

To everyone who in any way whatsoever helped to print our paper this year, the Editor wishes to express his sincere appreciation. First among these we name our advertisers, but for whom we could have no paper at all. So we use again that delightful and rare phrase "Patronize our advertisers."

We have received much willing assistance from the students in response to our call for material and we hope the "Bugle" justifies your expectations in that respect.

Our supervising staff, consisting of Miss Clark, editorial, and Mr. Asselstine, business, have proved a never-failing source of help. Quite naturally we have fallen into some pitfalls, but—look what we missed with them to help us.

Lastly, to the untiring members of the business staff, and especially their manager, to the associate editors and all contributors we extend our thanks, and hope that you all will enjoy the "Bugle" of 1928.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

The codfish lays a million eggs,
And the helpless hen lays one,
But the codfish doesn't cackle,
To tell us what's she's done;
And so we scorn the codfish coy,
And the helpless hen we prize,
Which indicates to you and me,
That it pays to ADVERTISE.

HUGH ARNOLD.

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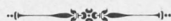
ORANGE CRUSH

Also

LEMON AND LIME

A Carbonated Beverage made from
SUN-RIPENED ORANGES, LEMONS AND LIMES

Dedication



To Mr. Brecken this issue of the
"Bugle" is dedicated as an appreciat-
ion of his interest in, and work for this
school.

*"Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some worm-canker'd homily."*



M. McCALLUM
Art Editor



W. SMITH
Boys' Sports



K. McDOUGALL
Girls' Sports



L. WAKEFORD
Society



A. TULLOCH
Wit & Humour



N. JENNEJOHN
Associate Editor



C. ENGLAND
Editor



D. TURNER
Associate Editor



J. ABERHOLTZER
Wit & Humour

STAFF
1928
BUGLE



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Business Advisor



MISS M. A. CLARK, B.A.
Editorial Advisor



S. FERGUSON



HUGH ARNOLD
Manager



T. CALLBECK

BUSINESS STAFF



HAROLD RILEY



C. HOLMWOOD



AUDREY JONES

E. G. Caldwell



THE "BUGLE" STAFF

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Associate Editors

D. TURNER

N. JENNEJOHN

Sports Editors

Girls—K. McDOUGALL

Boys—W. SMITH

Society Editor—L. WAKEFORD

Wit and Humor Editors

A. TULLOCH

J. OBERHOLTZER

Art Editor—M. McCALLUM

Business Staff

Manager—H. ARNOLD

Assistants

C. Holmwood

A. Jones

T. Callbeck

H. Riley

S. Ferguson.

Supervising Teachers

Editorial—MISS CLARK

Business—MR. ASSELSTINE

EDITORIAL

I have no doubt at all the devil grins
 As seas of ink I spatter;
 Ye gods, forgive my literary sins—
 The other kind don't matter.

—Service.

FRIENDS, Crescents, countrymen, at last we are here. The populace has frequently informed us that the "Bugle" should have been forthcoming some time ago, which fact has caused us some discomfiture at the hands of certain idle jesters who have accosted us in the halls only too frequently. At one time it was our earnest hope to have the "Bugle" in your hands at an early date, but alas!

—The best laid plans of mice and men
 Gang aft agley.

However, the staff sincerely hope that this issue will still arrive in time to allow you to enjoy all the benefits you would have derived had it arrived earlier, and that you may be able to give it a perusal at leisure before the siege of exams sets in.

Our object has been to publish a representative paper, not wholly humorous, not wholly serious, in fact, not wholly anything, but one which will contain accounts of athletic, scholastic and social activities. And how! We have also introduced "The Exchange," a new department which will provide some new ideas for future years, also helping us to overcome some of the weak points of the magazine.

We ask those who made contributions, but do not find them in print, not to feel offended. The staff tried to use discretion in picking out the material that the students would most enjoy, but sincerely thank all those who contributed and thus helped to make the "Bulge" a success.

Editorials are usually as dry as dust and this is no exception, but since you have probably read everything else between the covers, this is an appropriate time for most of those who are on this year's staff of the "Bugle" to say farewell to C.H.C.I. Needless to say we would like to return next year and enjoy with you the privileges of the new High school, but as usual, the Juniors have all the luck. We Seniors are a very badly treated bunch.

In conclusion, in spite of quasi-madness, hard work, late hours, and still later hours, we believe that the students will enjoy this book. If they do, it will be for us the realization of one of our numerous and most cherished dreams.

—YE EDITOR.

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We should always do our best,
 And departing leave behind us
 Notebooks that will help the rest.

Miss Clark has insisted that I, as one of the assistant editors, put in my "two cents worth" and voice some noble thought by which I may be remembered in the long, long years to come. Carlyle has ably handled the editorial and said everything that is necessary, but as one of those who is partly responsible for the choice of articles that meet your tender gaze, I wish to thank you all, from the merest printer's "devil" to the most prominent contributor, for the support that you have given the "Bugle" this year.

May it, like certain alcoholic beverages, grow better with age, improving each year as much as it has grown and improved during the few years that it has been published.

—N.R.J.

I feel that a special word of appreciation is due our Editor this year. The double responsibility of the presidency of the Literary Society and the Editorship of the "Bugle" has given him a very heavy burden of anxiety and hard work. We thank him for his willingness to serve his school, and we congratulate him upon the success with which he has managed both offices.

The work demanded of the Art Editor has been especially heavy this year also. We are greatly indebted to him, too.

M.A.C.

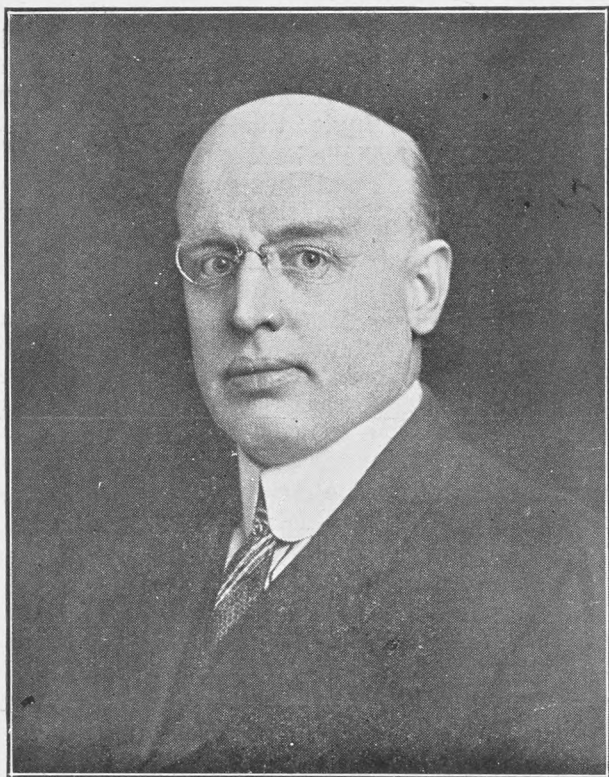
The Flight of Time

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans
 Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;
 Ever coming
 Ever going
 Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
 Poring o'er these lessons huge
 Ever harder,
 Ever longer,
 All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

Romeo and Juliet

He asked—"How much did Romeo?
 I always do forget!"
 She answered—"That depends, you know
 On what fair Juliet."



W. ABERHART, B.A.

"Our Principal"

William Aberhart

ONE OF LIFE'S GREATEST VALUES

"Let No One Ever Lose It!"

You may lose your money and survive. You may lose your year at school and still regain your position; but there is one thing you must never lose. WHAT IS IT? Have you discovered it?

The greatest of poets has said :

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

It is a well-known fact, that men grow stronger by believing themselves strong, just as homely women grow almost beautiful by thinking themselves pretty. Our dreams and our hopes are good in that they keep us up to a standard, which we may not fully attain, but which we would miss altogether without them.

I have no hope for the youth who has lost his aspirations for the future. The boy or girl, who still maintains that the future contains something good for him or her, has still that within him that will bring results. No voyager on this journey of life should allow himself to be robbed of his hopes by any one.

There was once a man who was robbed of his last possession. The thief was caught and haled before the magistrate. The attorney for the defence admitted that his client was guilty, but appealed to the mercy of the court on the ground that the article stolen was of such small importance.

"What was the nature of the article?" asked the Magistrate.

"The article, your Honor," replied the attorney, "was Hope."

"Hope!" exclaimed the Magistrate, to whom had been given wisdom as well as learning in the law. "Hope! And do you consider Hope of no importance?"

"If you will allow me, your Honor, it seems to me that Hope is an illusion, a dream—and I fail to understand why my client should have stolen so worthless an object."

"I am sorry to differ with you, my learned friend," began the Magistrate, with a whimsical smile, "but it is not for the thief nor his counsel to assess the value of the thing he steals. This defendant stole something of value to the man from whom he stole it, a man so poor that he has been unable to engage counsel. Under the circumstances it is for the court to decide the value of the thing stolen, and that value is conditioned by the necessity of the man from whom it was stolen. In the case under hearing that object happens to be the only thing of value left to the man from whom it was taken. To him it is of great value.

"To the thief also it must have been valuable. Otherwise he would not have stolen it. My ruling is that the plaintiff has been deprived of the most valuable possession that a man can have—Hope.

"You may contend that Hope was an illusion or a dream, but it was by means of its possession that this man had every right to believe that he could rebuild his life, re-create himself, and once more become a useful and honored member of society.

"The judgment of this court is that restitution of the stolen article be made to the plaintiff, and that the defendant himself be deprived of hope for the space of twelve calendar months."

Who will dispute the wisdom of that Magistrate?

That Magistrate is your better judgment. The prosecuting attorney represents your Discouragements. You had better confine your discouragements to the rubbish heap for the next twelve months at least.

Remember there is still an opportunity of success for the person who has hope, living in his breast.

WILLIAM ABERHART, B.A., Principal.

CRESCENT HEIGHTS—"A GROWING SCHOOL"

Within the past two years, Crescent Heights has adopted a motto, by which she indicates to the outside world something of her aims and achievements. Although it is but recently that we have decided upon "*crescit eundo*" as our watchword, we realize that ever since its foundation, Crescent Heights has been a "growing school."

I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to consider what really is involved in the phrase "a growing school." Our first indication of progress is the increase in the number of students attending C.H.C.I. We know how rapidly our school has advanced in this respect, and we ex-students feel, with gratitude, that we still "belong." This, in itself, is a splendid indication of the spirit of co-operation which exists among the students of Crescent Heights,—a spirit which points out growth in another important direction.

In estimating the value of the time we spent in High School, we must realize that it is not so much the formal knowledge which we obtain that really counts, but the incidental teaching of the lessons of service, co-operation, and loyalty. If these lessons are thoroughly learned, we need have no fear for the future.

We sincerely hope that Crescent Heights High School will continue to live up to her motto, and give her students the right to say: "We belong to a growing school—'*Crescit eundo*.'"

MARGARET WATSON.

Sometimes we style ourselves "we." We ask you to believe, or misbelieve if you like, that this indiscretion was committed in a moment of self-confidence.

"WE" EDITORS.

SHALL I PLAN ON UNIVERSITY?

To most High school graduates University seems very remote—just as remote as was Grade XII and Graduation some four years ago. But, of course, almost everyone wishes to attend University and the vagueness of the prospect should be no discouragement. For it is certain that in three years or so, you will be able to profit more by a University training than you would, say, next year. Your twelve years' Public school course has been a long road to travel and a break of a few years will come like a refreshing rest.

But almost everyone at least considers the idea of attending a University, even though he does not cherish it. And I have yet to see a graduate, no matter how bad his digestion and general outlook might be, who does not look back with pleasure to the day when, as a green and self-conscious Freshman, he signed his name to his first registration blank.

For the University community is a young peoples' world in miniature, but much more comprehensive than the High school world. At University we meet young men and women, not from three or four different city districts, but from three or four different provinces, and their outlooks are as varied as the types of environment from which they have come. This mingling with all kinds and manner of people is an education in itself. But better still, among this cosmopolitan group you are going to make a few firm friends. And, after High school pals have entered walks of life that lead them away from you, your University friends, who have shared with you the same intense interests in work and play, remain as friends, year in and year out.

But University, besides enlarging your sphere of acquaintance, should also broaden out your mental outlook. You are living in an intellectual atmosphere, an atmosphere that cultivates a respect and interest in knowledge just as kindness and understanding cultivate friendship. Probably you will find for yourself one subject that becomes a hobby. If so, you are fortunate, for you have acquired a permanent pleasure which makes you independent of automobiles, mah-jong, cross-word puzzles, bridge, and all other distracting amusements.

O, yes, there is the social whirl; a place for everyone from the epicurean to the ascetic. The athlete has a splendid opportunity for developing his prowess, the musician is sure to be appreciated, even the amateur comedian will be idolized—if he is very original. But these are hardly reasons for attending University.

There is, of course, a practical aspect to University training, which is an urgent motive for almost everyone. American authorities have shown, with the aid of reams of statistics, that a University education is an excellent money investment which will pay dividends no matter what kind of work you eventually pursue. University students do not dwell much on this phase, because there are usually the "lean" years that always precede the promised years of plenty. But probably in this practical day, the money value of an education—for a University education has a real money value—provides the most cogent reason for attending University.

Freshman	Brimstone
Sophomore	Moonstone
Junior	Grindstone
Senior	Tombstone

THE SENIORS

Father Time and his famous scythe have trudged through another year. His beard, by careful measurement, has been ascertained to have grown .7384 inches during the year. This was due to several things, chief among them being—The atmospheric conditions surrounding the sun, the tendency for people with flat feet to show an increased fondness for apple pie and the extraordinary brilliancy of the Crescent Heights senior students throughout the year.

Following in the footsteps of Father Time (literally, not actually), another senior class,—young, innocent and wide-eyed, is about to graduate from Crescent Heights, about to go forth into the cold, cold world, some to go to their chosen occupation, some to Normal, others will be catching the one A.M. train to Edmonton on a certain chilly night next October and others still will probably go into the far, far west, where men are men and canaries sing bass.

The Class of 1928, as is usual with Senior Classes, has proved itself wonderfully brilliant, exceedingly clever, and filled to overflowing with original ideas and bright cracks. Humor, too, has been prevalent throughout the year, some of it being so original that we failed to appreciate it properly.

Of course this is only to be expected, for we have been informed frequently that "young days are happy days." Needless to say, we the Seniors are proud of our class. The "twelves" have retained possession of the Osborne Cup, the boys have won the Inter-room Hockey championship and from the ranks of the Seniors comes the most brilliant orator of the school. XIIB modestly admits the responsibility for these successes, but XIIA has a word to say for itself, too. Who would deny XIIA a high and noble place in the annals of Crescent Heights when such names confront us as those of Carlyle England, president of the highly successful Senior Literary Society, and Adam Tulloch and George Scott, inventors-in-chiefs of countless "monkey-shines" and pranks, which could not be improved upon by even a court jester except in some minor technical details? Are we not worthy of the respect of the Juniors? The respect of those who will be the Seniors of '29? The reply is unanimous, we are!

Twenty years from now, may we, the Class of today look back on old C.H.C.I., our old High school, and from our places as presidents and professors, scientists and senators, say—"You made me what I am today,—I hope you're satisfied." And may the old school, with echoes flitting back and forth through the upper hall, softly reply—"Well, it might have been worse."

N. R. JENNEJOHN, XIIB.

THE JUNIORS

Hark to the voice of the '29 class. We hope to be heard above the clarion notes of the "Bugle," telling everyone who we are, what we have done, and how. The Sophomore's highest aim is to be a Junior, as also the Senior's sincerest regret is that he must pass on, and no more be able to view the brilliant Juniors. Accept our sympathy and congratulations. When you are gone we shall move up to take your place and accept your attitude, watching with regret the brilliant Juniors, who were only minor Sophs when we were Juniors.

The ship of time has hovered slowly over the school. But the result of its work and influence are manifest. For example it has increased the age of every single one of us by one year, and all since last June. It has, I repeat, made us, each and all, a year older, put more pep into us, swelled our muscles and softened our thick skulls. No more does the unquestioned wisdom of the teachers beat futility at closed doors, but enters through every pore in our worthy noodles.

Even so have the Juniors been to the school, they have achieved no remarkable phenomenon as did Father Time. Yet here is their vastly more important contribution: they have provided the choicest wit and beauty of the school (?): They act as stimuli on the teachers for the benefit of the other classes (??) they have made themselves indispensable to the whole school (???).

With all these varied and unique accomplishments before them, all sensible Seniors and others should bow down and on bended knee exclaim, "Hail, Juniors we need thee—thy spirit—they presence is indispensable—O leave us not."

Each, after all, learns only what he can;
Who grasps the moment as it flies,
He is the real man.—Goethe.

* * *

THE SOPHOMORES

To the Sophomores let us roar
Praise galore, for evermore.

Hello, folks! The 1930 class is here. We, the Sophomores are here for inspection.

All the school's a stage and all the boys and girls simply players. They have their exits and their entrances (one front, two side-doors, and a fire escape). The one student in his time plays many parts: Yesterday a Grade IX sufferer; today a Sophomore; tomorrow a part in the showing of the school at the Banquet. The 1930 grads. have turned out with punctuality to all the hockey games, dances, and other "social" activities.

Mentally, of course, the students of Grade X are exceptionally clever!! We need not mention that.

We finally conclude that the Sophomores are an essential vitamin to C.H.C.I. Without all their smiling faces fluttering about the hallways, this old shack would seem as empty as a tomb. Let us all praise the Sophomores!

—Three lusty cheers for the Sophomores!

THE FRESHMEN

Well, here we are—the IX's, and you can always tell a niner by the way he swells his chest. We are proud to think that we have the privilege of placing this insignificant paragraph beside some of the marvellous literary gems of the Seniors.

We are at the first rung of the ladder, and, with knees rattling like castanets, we think of our first real debut into the High school—the June exams. We intend to do our best in these exams. and to hold up the honor of C.H.C.I. like a flaming torch—this year and years to come.

All good students were once in Grade IX, so watch us strut our stuff. Norah Burton said last year "What the Sunbeam mystery car did for the automobile, we hope to do for Crescent Heights." We had better change this to the Bluebird because this car holds the world's record. Well, toodle-oo, my friends. Next year we will be Tenner D and then we can read the freshmen's write-up and laugh.

STANLEY "Red" KNIGHT.



Around the Halls

There may be profits in these arts but still
Learning is labor, call it what you will.

* * *

"The Spotlight"—Lethbridge High School. The size of your book might well be increased. We think otherwise very good. A few more cartoons would certainly help. We notice that you are going to have a new school next year. Congratulations; so are we.

* * *

As a school we wish to express our sincere sympathy to Hugh Arnold in his recent sad bereavement.

* * *

'Tis not what man does which exalts him; but what man would do.
A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for.

* * *

Little we think,
Less we do;
Isn't it funny
How we pull through.

* * *

Our Goal

Oh ships sail east
And ships sail west,
While the self-same breezes blow;
It's the set of their sails,
And not the gales
That determines the way they go.

As the winds of the sea
Are the ways of fate,
As we journey along through life;
It's the set of the soul
That determines the goal;
And not the calm nor the strife.

—Anon.

**"I am wealthy in my friends."
"Receipt for having a friend—Be one."**

* * *

"Sedentary work," said the professor, "tends to weaken the vitality."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more you sit the less you can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the professor, "and when one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

* * *

Nervous Freshman to Freshette (walking home from meet)—
"Please excuse the way I limp, but I'm a little stiff from rugby."

Bashful Freshette (shyly)—"Where did you say you were from?"

* * *

**"It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work of every bloomin' soul."**

—Kipling.

9.00

SUNK



10.30

DAWN



11.00

INSPIRATION



3 DAYS LATER

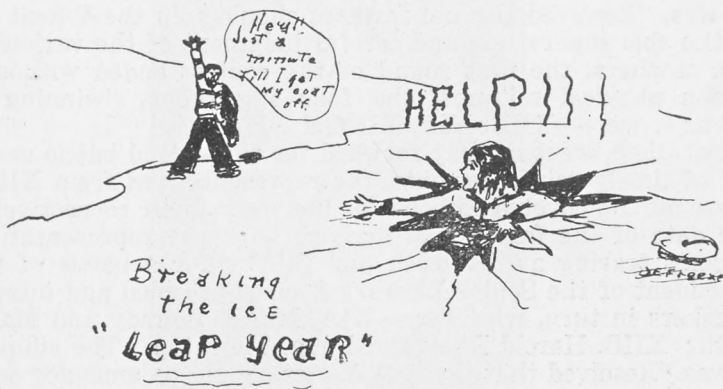
SAVED



There you are, II

THE SPICE OF LIFE

"Variety is the spice of life," is an old saying that found a very practical application at Bowness on Saturday, June 9th. The editors, during a moment of relaxation, were in a canoe enjoying a few restful moments on the placid lagoon, when who should happen along but Ralph Claxton and Dick King in a similar craft. Ralph, the famous and irresistible clown, tried balancing on one foot, much to King's embarrassment, who wildly attempted to keep the craft top-side up. Excitement increased momentarily till at last Ralph, realizing that spectators were assembling on the banks, with great presence of mind executed a neat back somersault for their edification. Dick, fearing to be out-done performed a perfect swan dive, a feat which is very difficult to do from a canoe. After seeing this, the editors, dreading a similar fate, said a silent prayer, did a hasty about-turn and scooted for the bank. It was reached safely and everybody felt much refreshed from both the exercise derived from fast paddling and by the fancy diving that had been provided by our clever fellowmen.





THE OSBORNE CUP DEBATES

This annual feature of our class life started between Christmas and Easter, with a full list of rooms entered. The subject of the first debate was, "Resolved that all farmers should join the Wheat Pool." Under the able supervision and careful judgment of the various composition teachers, the first round of the contest ended without any disastrous physical mix-ups, the following rooms "winning their spurs," as it were—XIIB, XIA, XD and XIC.

Preparations went merrily forward for the second battle and with the aid of timely reinforcements, the representatives from XIIB and XIA bore off the coveted ribbons for honors in their respective duels.

The date of the final round arrived, with the representatives of both rooms tearing at the leash and thirsty for a battle of words. The president of the Senior Literary Society presided and introduced the speakers in turn, who were—XIA, Muriel Boundy and Margaret Howarth; XIIB, Harold Riley and Doug. Thornton. The subject debated was "Resolved that the B.N.A. Act should be amended so as to provide for a national system of education." After due consideration of the judges, who found it hard to decide which team was most vicious, or, in other words, put up the best argument, the verdict was announced and XIIB carried away the laurel wreath.

Thus ended the Osborne Cup Debates for the year 1927-28, leaving XIIB in possession of the trophy.

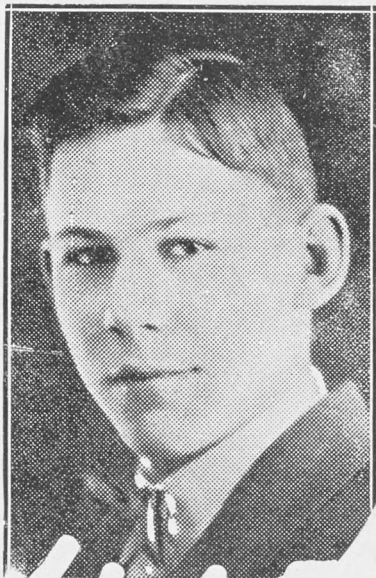
THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

A new form of interscholastic competition was introduced this year in the Canadian and International Oratorical Contest sponsored in Southern Alberta by the Calgary Herald. The subject was, "Canada's Future."

Seven of the secondary schools of the city entered the competition, and congratulations are due to C.C.I. whose representative, Arthur Cragg, won both the district and Southern Alberta championships.

Crescent Heights was ably represented in the district finals by Harold W. Riley of XIIB, whose first effort at public speaking received very favorable commendation.

The large attendance at all the competitions indicates the keen interest taken by the public and offers great encouragement for the continuation of this line of work.



A LESSON FROM EXAMPLE

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all Hemlock things are tough
Seems that worms are getting scarcer and I cannot find enough,
What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me,
There were thousands through the rainy spell—now where can they
be?"

The old black hen who heard him didn't grumble or complain,
She had lived through dry spells and also floods of rain,
So she flew up on the grindstone and she gave her claws a whet
As she said, "I've never seen the time when there wasn't worms
to get."

She chose a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm.
"New ground," the little rooster jeered, "That's no place for a worm,"
The old black hen no answer made, her claws flew fast and free,
"I must go to the worms," she said, "the worms won't come to me."

The little red rooster spent the day, through habit, by the ways
Where worms had passed in thousands throughout the rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough:
"I'm as hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions sure are tough."

Then he turned to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry, but you must be tired too;
I rested while I looked for worms, so I feel fairly perk;
But how about you? without worms too—and after all that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and closed her eyes to sleep,
And murmured drowsily, "Young man, hear me and weep—
I'm as full of worms as I can be, I've dined both long and well.
The worms are there as always—but I had to dig like? ——!"

Oh here and there red roosters are going now to school,
They cannot do much homework now because they have no pull,
But soon as these exams are past, they'll start in strong and firm.
Meanwhile the old black hens are gobbling every worm.

H²O—XB.

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CALGARY, Alberta

ODE TO MARCUS DABB

To guard against the sad mistakes,
The untrained chemist ever makes,
To Marcus Dabb was given free,
When he first took up chemistry
At Crescent Heights Academy
The rules of this labratr'y
For there it stated in writing true,
The list of things he must'nt do.

Thus Marcus all the more to shame,
Had only got himself to blame,
For what occurred to him when he
Mixed concentrated "A" with "B"
(I fear to give the proper name,
Lest other boys should do the same,
At home upon a smaller scale,
And should not live to tell the tale).

Now Marcus held that laws were naught,
And so in chemistry he sought,
To do the things he didn't aught;
He wasted gas ah woe!
And ran the tops till H²O
Leaked through on classes down below,
Until he warmed one awful day
Some "B" with concentrated "A"!

I draw a veil o'er what occurred,
Suffice to say the bang was heard,
From Crescent Heights to Hudson's Bay,
And just as far the other way.
Oh, boys, when you are in the lab,
Think now and then of Marcus Dabb,
Lest you should prove a problem too,
To those who have to bury you.

RICHARD STANDERWICK, XIA.

THE BABY OF XIIB

XIIB's baby isn't very old,
 But he's not the least bit bold.
 He treats the girls to Wrigley's Nips,
 And tells them many jokes and quips.
 He smiles and shows the dimple in his chin,
 A sure sign there's a demon within.
 He's called Dimples by all,
 And is very popular in the hall.
 Oh, don't you know! Can't you guess!
 Of hearts you've made a sorry mess.
 That lovely dimple in your chin
 Full many a fluttering heart will win.
 But, oh, what fun, amidst our hum,
 He gets from chewing Wrigley's gum.
 Oh, Dimples! Dimples! What a name!
 But XIIB loves you just the same.

W.S.—XIIB.

Miss Todd—"You may go now as there is nothing more to do this period. Please go quietly so as not to awaken XIC and XA."

* * *

To Make Hash

Recipe—Take one natural born fool, place in a high-powered car.
 Beat driver well and add gasoline to car and homebrew to driver.
 Push slowly. After due time remove from the wreckage, wash carefully,
 place in a satin-lined box and garnish with forget-me-nots.
 Keep cool and moist.

* * *

Host—"What's the idea of bringing two boy friends?"
 Audrey—"I always carry a spare."

* * *

I have no time to spare to do
 The things I do not care to do
 Until it is too late to do
 The things I simply hate to do.

* * *

Miss Wylie—"Well, Tullock, what's an alibi?"

Tullock—"It's proving that you were at a prayer meeting, when
 you weren't, in order to show you weren't at a crap game where you
 was."



But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

—BYRON.

THE BEST KIND OF ALL

IT was on a windy spring morning three years ago when they first saw him, little Kappa. He was roughly the size of a one-pound jam pot, and when a sudden gust of wind blew back his ears he barked his baby defiance, a little puppy bark that disturbed his precarious balance and made him sit down unexpectedly.

"Oh!" said the little friend, "what a sweet puppy!"

The "sweet puppy" rushed at her ankles and chewed her stocking ecstatically.

"Hi! little mischief!" said the big friend.

"Little mischief" transferred his attentions and sprawled on a comforting broad shoe, and tasted for the first time the delicious flavor of brown shoe-polish. His owner smiled approval.

"Nice dog, sir." "Gentle as a kitten, lady," he said. "He's for sale, sir."

"How much is he?" asked the lady, her voice a little muffled from stooping to repair the ravages on her stocking.

"Three and one-half, sir," said the owner.

"Three fifty," murmured the big friend, absently, counting out the money.

Thus the puppy changed hands. He rode home in a tweed pocket, his head and forepaws protruding inquisitively. When presented to the cat, he made a series of futile rushes, only to be met each time by a wary and matronly paw. At length he sat down a yard away,

mouth open, ears pricked. The cat watched him, made her decision, walked quietly up to him, rolled him over with a deft movement and proceeded to wash his face with great thoroughness.

For a few nights he slept at the foot of a bed and thereafter protected his longest and loudest against the barren shelter of his supply basket.

"What shall I do?" asked the little friend, after a night vocal with canine grief.

Little Kappa lay at that moment within the comforting angle of the big friend's broad shoes.

"I wonder," mused the big friend. "I wonder how a pair of boots would answer!"

So that night Kappa was settled in his small blanket between a pair of boots. He snuggled down with his nose across the toe of one of them in perfect contentment. Boots and shoes meant to him friends and companionship, love, security, comfort. He never stirred all night.

It was later that summer, when he was grown roughly to the size of a three-pound jam pot, that Kappa met his first cow. He had trotted at heel for a little way along the field path. Then faint, entrancing smells beguiled him unto the green world between the buttercup stalks. Only a flurry of golden tops betrayed his progress. He came out on a clear patch of grass beneath a tree and found himself brought up against the face of a cow. It took a few seconds for him to realize that this was something vast and strange and dreadful. He tucked his small tail between his legs and bolted to a vantage ground ten yards off among the buttercups. The cow blinked at him and snuffled a gust of warm breath in his direction. Kappa ventured out again, crept up to her and pushed a wet enquiring nose unto her face. Then the cow proceeded to stand up. This was too much for a dog that began his career at the moderate price of three-fifty. To Kappa, the cow was a new world, and to see a world rise slowly and disappear into the space above one's head would be a test for the best of us. Kappa howled and fled to the brown shoes which always meant refuge to him. Later on he was lifted up and allowed to investigate his vanquisher from all points and thereafter he trotted undismayed past broad sides and long red legs in whatever field he might roam.

Kappa has a host of friends. Only the skeptical stranger laughs at his ears and tail and feathered jaws, for none of them match with each other or with the rest of him. "Oh, what a funny dog!" they say, and then, "What kind is he?"

Whereupon Kappa's friends reply as one man, "The best kind of all."

CATHERINE BARCLAY, XD.





MOONLIGHT ON THE BOW

The stars are out, the sky is dim,
The moon hangs low upon the rim
Of grassy hills along the Bow.
The river laughs in bubbling mirth
At sleepy town and dreamy earth,
As rapids close or wider grow.

Upon the clouds, a silver ledge
With foamy lace around the edge,
The moon sweeps on in splendor pale,
A silver barque with vapor sail
Veiled in the mazy mists of night,
Blending a chorus of shadow and light.

High hills along on either hand,
Like velvet rolls along the land,
Were guardian to the jewel they held
A river pure among them swelled
A necklace rare, a diamond band,
Sparkling in rapids, glazed in the deep,
Cradled in silence, a valley asleep.

MURRAY MACLEAN, XIC.

CANADIANS TAKE THE AIR

Though Canada has been somewhat wary of adopting in too great haste the "latest" in air transportation, she is, nevertheless, making great strides in the development of this innovation of the twentieth century. Just recently Calgarians have heard the hum of the first commercial plane in Alberta; while Aero Clubs have been formed throughout the west to foster commercial aviation. In Canada now there are many opportunities for young Canadian air pilots, in the air-mail service, the land survey, and the forest patrol.

Nor can we over-estimate the commercial value of aviation to Canada. How else can we truly measure the value and extent of Canada's vast stretches of timber and open up the immense natural resources for development? Again, will not Canada be brought closer to Great Britain, to the United States, to the Far East and the Far West; and in this way will not the influence of Canada and of Canadians be greatly increased?

Business men, commercial travellers, and those employed in other lines of business too, will use aeroplanes as they formerly used automobiles. It is not difficult for us to look ahead to the not far distant future when we shall behold young students flying their planes to school—Yes, even to Crescent Heights. And the popular reply to the oft-repeated question of anxious parents, "Did you pass?" will have for its new answer: "Yes, I passed everything except a Ryan and a Stintson-Detroit."

But hand in hand with this commercial and material result of aviation in Canada, will there not come also the appeal to the imagination and to the emotions?—the lure of "just flying" and the accompanying excitement and adventure? The yearning, and the restless ambition ever present in youth will welcome this new field of endeavor, still so full of mysterious possibilities, will not fail to imagine, amid the mists and the clouds of the distance, new worlds of greater beauty, of greater interest, and of greater freedom. It is strange that Canada, who most completely typifies the spirit of youthfulness, should be slower than the other nations to embrace these opportunities of aviation. Yet, once embarked upon this new enterprise, the enthusiasm of the pioneer will carry the cause forward with startling swiftness. But yesterday the youth of Canada thrilled to the call, "Go west, young man, go west!" Today a new cry rings in every ear, "Take the air, young man, take the air!"

There's something talked of everywhere—In English, French and Dutch.

There's been nothing since Noah wore rompers, that's been gossipped about as much.

From the Eskimo to the Coolie, boys have the same thing on the brain It's the wonderful things that are done on the wings of a modern aeroplane.

It hops the Pole one day, we hear, the next the Atlantic Sea;
They dinner in Paris, and are on time in London for afternoon tea.
The Gasoline Ally kids have got the fever too,
And scuttle around in box-wood planes like Lindy used to do.

MURRAY MACLEAN.

THE APPLE PIE MYSTERY

Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, a wealthy widow, had a passion for collecting rare jewels. The latest addition to her collection was the famous Cosmopolitan diamond (5c, 10c and popular prices) for which she professed to have paid several thousand dollars. Mrs. Holmes had in her employ a very faithful oriental servant, Wun Lung by name, in whom she placed great trust.

The Cosmopolitan diamond occupied her mind constantly, the chief problem being its safekeeping. Hoping to benefit by the eastern craft of her faithful domestic, she brought Wun Lung into her confidence.

Under the persuasion of her servant the widow was finally convinced that the safe would be the place most subject to the attack of marauders. Accordingly Wun Lung devised a hair-brush with a false sliding back, in which to conceal the diamond.

All went well for a few days. Mrs. Holmes, after a daily display of her prized treasure, would each night conceal it safely in the brush, in her own room.

One morning, however, our dear old friend found several things missing; the brush, the Cosmopolitan diamond, and her faithful servant, Wun Lung. That was enough to place the poor old lady in hysterics. But she remained calm and collected, and there made a solemn vow to trace this cowardly crime to its source, alone and unassisted.

After months of vain searching, Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, although disguised, found that she was unable to uphold the reputation of that famous sleuth of her own name. Tired and disheartened, she entered a small restaurant in the slum section of the city, to obtain some small refreshment.

You can imagine her surprise when she discovered that the waiter was none other than her former servant, Wun Lung. But Mrs. Holmes retained her usual composure under her disguise, and calmly ordered her pie and coffee. The unsuspecting Wun Lung hurried away and returned with a portion of apple pie for his customer. There was a greater surprise in store for her, however, for what do you think she found in the centre of the apple pie?—Applesauce.

W. SMITH, XIIB.

A ghost has appeared, but, thanks to the soothing excitement of XIIB, is gaining flesh and thickness perceptibly, from period to period. His face is alight with childish joy at seeing Mr. Brecken again. What ho! Boyd Willet is glad to be back again to school, and we are doubly glad to have him, after his long absence.

All things are thine estate, yet must
 Thou first display the title deeds
 And sue the world. Be strong; and trust
 High instincts more than all the creeds.

—LYTTON.

JUST AS SOON AS I GET TIME

There's an island in the ocean where the breakers crash and roar,
It's an ocean-bounded Eden off an ever-noisy shore
It is where I am going always to a villa in the woods
Where the sent'nil oaks surround it with their silent solitudes.

There's a tidy yacht a-waiting for my hand to set it free,
It will flash among the foam-flecks of an ever-refresh'ning sea,
For there's always breezes blowing in that zepher'-fested clime,
And it's there that I am going—
Just as soon as I get time.

There's games to play, and game to hunt, and fishing of the best,
Where the wear and tear of city life is changed to active rest.
When you're lonely if you only pack your troubles all away,
Take your boat, a rod and float, and go fishing in the bay;
There's the swish of waves to lull you and the musk of sea-weed slime
Gosh—that's where I am going—
Just as soon as I get time.

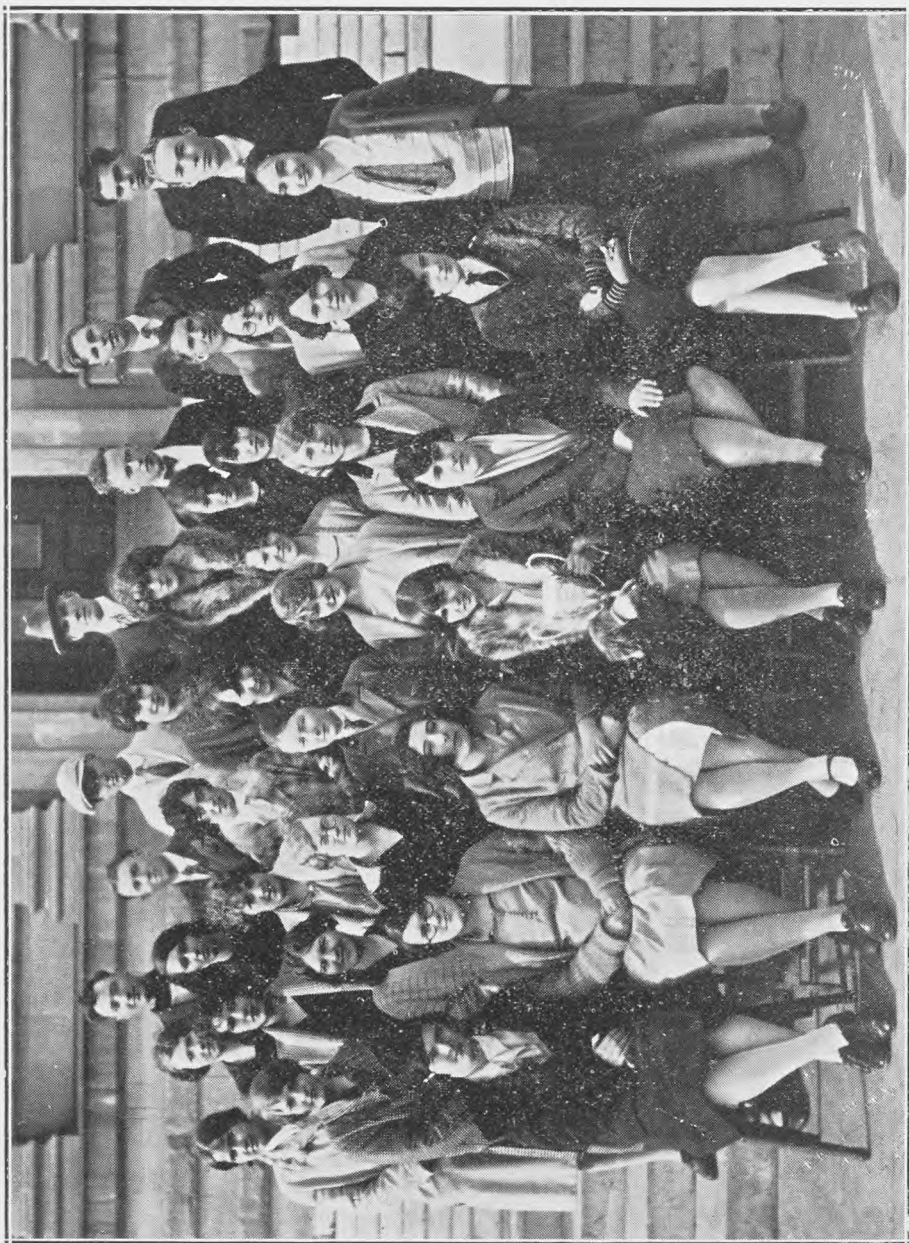
M. MACLEAN, XIC.

WHY TAKE LIFE SO SERIOUSLY?—YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT
OF IT ALIVE!

The boy in the back seat who chewed gum so viciously had an air of contentment which no teacher could easily disturb. His light suit was suggestive of his entire peace with the world at large; while the handkerchief which faultlessly matched his rainbow-colored tie hung lazily out of his pocket and seemed to say, "Scold me all you wish. See if I care." To complete this sublime expression his hair shone with a brilliancy (probably owing to the liberal use of hair groom) which entered a lively competition with his highly-polished shoes for the attention of observers.

BILL STICKNEY, XIA.





XIIA Graduation Class

THE SENIORS—XIIA

Doris Irvine—

Calgary kid, our petite
Much blonde hair,
Size three feet.

Mayme Lebeau—

She lived in Vulcan when she was home
But over Calgary she liked to roam
She was called by the gang a dandy kid,
We thought she was sweet! I'll say we did.

Rose Hutton—

Small! But so mighty
Our little Irish Rose.

Myrtle Dalmadge—

Myrtle's never heard to boast,
Her voice we seldom hear,
But quiet folks oft know the most,
Her qualities are clear.

Katherine Van Amburgh—

So gentle, so quiet and so meek,
From all obscure she holds a back seat.

Kathleen McDougall—

I could be better if I would,
But it's awful lonesome being good.

Hazel Six—

Hazel of the golden hair,
Always you appear at ease
You seem not to have a care;
Tell us how you do it please.

Annie Sutherland—

Gentle and kind, quiet and steady,
But for sport she's always ready.

Joe Mark—

He'll never outgrow his childish delight
Of giving the room an awful fright.

Betty Matheson—

Who wouldn't like our dark haired Betty,
There's none so wise, nor none so witty.

Carlyle England—

Like a cake of yeast set to rise in the sun,
He'll always rise till his rising's done.

Alec. MacIntosh—

Tall, blonde and heroic is our gallant Alexander
Who for his lunch likes roast Salamander.

Kathleen Rogers—

In basketball she's won a name,
But in the world she'll yet win fame.

Edna Ramsbottom—

Bound to rise where none can reach her,
For she will likely wed a preacher.

May Johnstone—

It doesn't take the breezes
To show May's kneezes.

Fred Watson—

The champion shooter of the room,
He fills our hearts with murderous gloom.

Marie Crook—

A demure little maiden is Marie Crook,
You'll find her buried in a history book.

George Scott—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Connie Carter—

She's lots of fun,
And a darn jolly kid,
For Connie would laugh
Whatever she did.

Mary Trenaman—

Friends, Romans, Countrymen,
Listen to the tale I tell,
Within our class there is a girl
Who can do all things well.

Winston Arlidge—

With rosy face and good natured way,
Has been at Crescent for many a day.

Edith McCalla—

Promoted to Calgary from Edmonton last year.
Can she play basketball? You should see her.

Louise McCalla—

You'll know her if you attend basketball steady,
They call her flash-light 'cause she's "ever-ready."

Ruth Styles—

Here sits our good Ruth, whose genius is such
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much.

Rosamond Hornby—

Bud Hornby is no freak,
When she is dressed up as a shiek,
With balloon pants, straw hat, bow tie,
She'd surely make a flapper sigh.

Agnes Eritsland—

Her honest, cheerful, modest face
Won her friends in every place.

Vivian Stevenson—

Vivian who in school work near the top does stand,
Is ever ready and able to lend a hand.

Alice Lofgren—

A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial coaxing way she had.

Adam Tullock—

In the spare
Is the teacher's greatest care.

John Benner—

As the movies say "comes the dawn,"
And still hard at work is "Honest John."

Fred Bulavitsky—

An ancient Greek with his light
Went seeking an honest man at night
Fred, (the idea's just the same)
Is seeking one who can spell his name.

Ina Flett—

If ever noisy was Ina Flett,
Then we don't know our Ina yet.

Gordon Lock—

In trig. period wouldn't we get a shock
If a question was answered by "Gordie" Lock?

Jean Simpson—

They say men prefer blondes, though I'm sure if they met
Our charming Jean Simpson, they'd all say, "brunette."

Beatrice Palmer—

An English lassie gay and bright
Whose temper always improved overnight.

Leone Doane—

A maiden fair with bonnie brown hair
A heart so light it knew no care.

Ione Duckworth

An artist to her fingertips,
Naught but kind words passed her lips.

Mabel Kent—

Her smile was as a brighter ray,
To light the darkest night to day.

Ronald Cusack—

Says Ron. :
O sleep is a blessed thing,
Beloved the wide world o'er.

Nellie Russell—

A nice quiet girl is our Nellie,
And she just loves her history.

Ella Halstead—

Jovial, genial, friendly Ella,
"Mac," to her pals a cute little fella.

THE SENIORS—XIIB**Hugh Arnold—**

Hugh runs the financial end of this book,
Let's hope right now that he ain't a crook.

Margaret Bird—

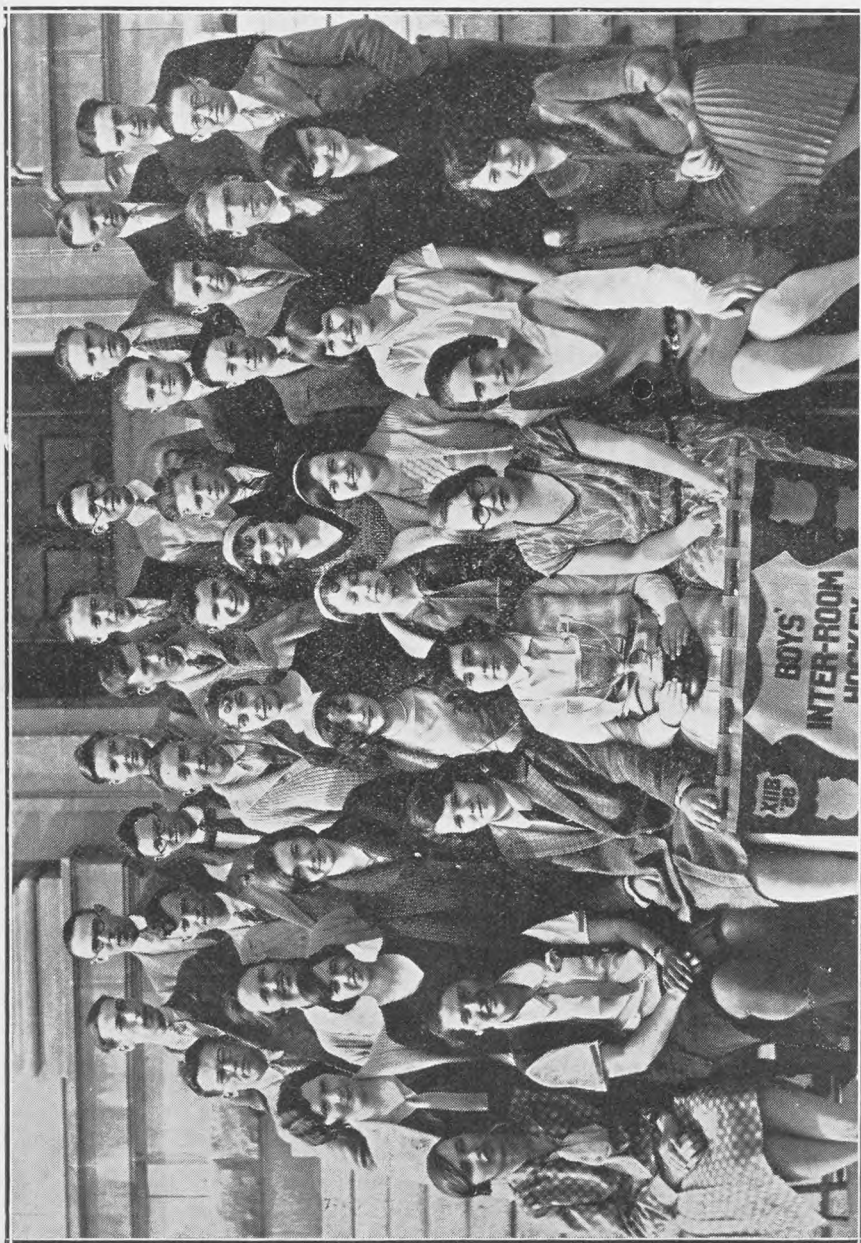
Grave and studious is she,
But she'll fail anyway in Algebra 3.

John Carpenter—

Johnny dear, is a boy well known,
His head is light, but his feet keep him down.

Elgar Carter—

Elgar, he's a brainy gink,
Burns out his brake-bands
Trying to think.



XIIIB Graduation Class

Ralph Claxton—

Our Ralph is the heir and last of his line,
To escape from his homework he'd jump in the Rhine.

Jack Collett—

He's president of the C.H.S.C.,
He'll be president of the U.S.,
Just wait and see.

Allan Dick—

Allan plays hockey on the Senior team,
But all he can do is sit and dream.

Ida Fredrick—

The fiery dame from old XIIB,
She'll catch you yet, or maybe me.

Donald Green—

A deep thinker, in Math. he's hot,
He uses his bean, and doesn't get caught.

James Harvey—

A bull-dog boy, and fighter rare,
If he catches you, watch out for your hair.

Katie Helm—

A studious student with studious ways,
I bet she'll be stewed, one of these days.

Florence Hext—

Florence has a giggle loud,
Distracts Miss Todd and then she's proud.

Margaret Hutton—

A little girl with Titian hair,
With antics bold she'll do or dare.

Margaret Hutton

Bill Johnston—

In baseball, then our William shines,
But his wits wouldn't cover half a dime.

Richard King—

Dickie dear is an Englishman bold,
He's wild on sleighing, so we're told.

Marjorie Leitch—

A flashy girl with lots of pep,
When she gets a guy she makes him step.

Isadore Margolis—

Isadore's a brainy boy,
He knows his Latin,
Miss Giles's joy.

Julia Short—

Julia's not short as her name implies,
If she was high enough, she'd reach the skies.

Walter Smith—

Wally is our athletic chief,
May not have brains, but sure has beef.

Winifred Smith—

Winnie's a corker, a real brunette,
Since she's in our room, we owe her a debt.

May Taylor—

May is a shy, retiring dear,
But she's with a good bunch, never fear.

Alice Tharle—

Sweet and quiet is Alice Tharle,
You'll never catch her in a quarrel.

Douglas Thornton—

Mr. Thornton? Naw! He's not all wet,
Does he know his onions? Well you bet.

Dorothy Turner—

Dorothy thinks homework is play;
I wonder how she gets that way?

*Dorothy Turner***Floy Van Orsdall—**

Tall and graceful is our Floy,
With eyes and cheeks like . . . Oh boy!

Lois Wakeford—

A small but yet vivacious queen,
And no one here can say she's green.

Harold Whitney—

Harold is a boy in a hundred,
Should be in royalty, maybe he blundered.

Norman Jennejohn—

Our Norman's so huge he could wield any axe,
But he hoards up his wind to expend on his "Sax."

Laird McElroy—

He has more than hair above his ears,
He's not so slow, so forget your fears.

Phil. McVeigh—

They call him "Half-Pint," a lotta bunk,
He's the guy that wrote this junk.

Myrtle Paull—

One night with a certain boy named Jack,
They met the milkman coming back.

Jack Ford—

This guy from Central just came to us,
He's the rage of women who raise quite a fuss.

William Rayner —

A nice wee boy is little Willie,
He thinks that Iceland should be Chili.

Harold Riley—

He's our latest hero of the hour,
Almost got to Europe on his wind-power.

Glen Robbie—

Glen, he is a funny nut,
Sheik of the girls, nothing but!

Leafa Rutherford—

Leafa is a Senior true,
But Math. is sure her Waterloo.

Beth Scott—

Beth's a warm and cheery girl,
She's winked so much her eyebrows curl.

Jean Scott—

She's too brainy, but she'll survive,
At Easter out of 100 made 105.

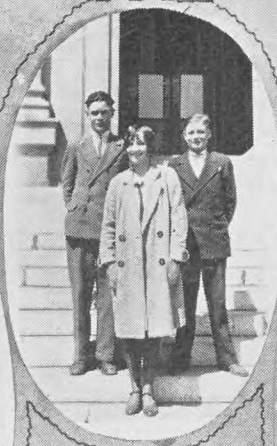
Boyd Willett—

He is a guy who's abusive,
He's funny because he thinks he's exclusive.

THE SPOT LIGHT



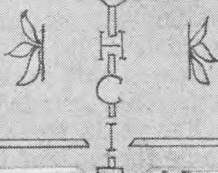
SENIOR LITERARY
EXECUTIVE



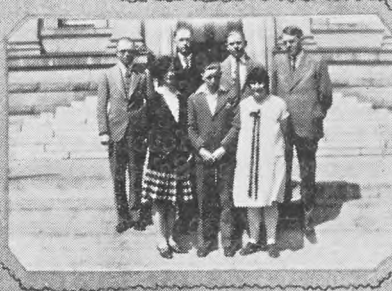
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EXECUTIVE



K.K.K.

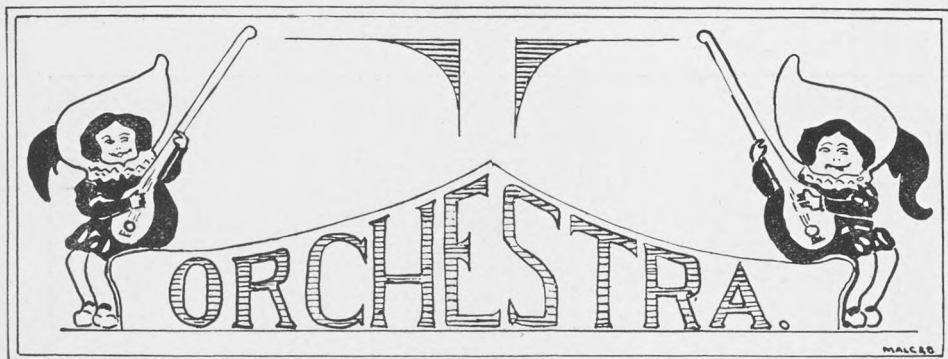


H-Y-CLUB



SCIENCE CLUB
EXECUTIVE





Music hath charms to soothe a savage,
Break a rock, or cut a cabbage.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra carried on as usual this year, the practices being very well attended by the members. Our activities for the year were many and varied. We played for all the meetings of the Literary Societies, for the Oratorical Contest at Central United Church and for a Hi-Y Concert at the school.

The personnel of the orchestra this year was somewhat different from that of the last years. This enabled us to render selections which our combination in other years would not allow. The "brass" section was well able to handle its part of the work, but the strings were hardly as strong as in former years, although, on the whole, the ensemble was quite good.

Mr. Smith, our conductor, selected some very fine music for us, and under his exacting leadership, we "worked up" an excellent repertoire, including the following:

Two overtures—Selection from "Tannhauser," and from "Bohemian Girl."

A number of fine concert pieces—Moon Mist, Stolen Kisses, Thistle Down, Golden Glow, Kiddikins, and a number of marches—Spuds, High School Cadets, In Full Dress, and a few of lighter type. The personnel of the orchestra was as follows: Conductor, Mr. E. Smith, M.A.; first violin, J. Logie, I. McFarlane; second violin, J. Peach, N. Binnion; mandolin, T. Callbeck; cornets, G. Lock, E. Gordon, G. Hay; clarinet, J. Robbie; saxophones, D. Thornton, N. Jennejohn; drums, J. Lewis; piano, E. Carter.

N.B.—This article was written, composed, compounded and edited by Elgar Carter.

HOW TO DIVE

Diving really requires neither brains nor ability. People just think that it does. This article is written for people who have neither brains nor I mean for people who wish to learn to dive. After circumscribing yourself with a bathing-suit, (use a red and blue scheme for best results) clamber up on the diving board. It may be either two feet above the water, or twenty; you may use your own judgment about that. Walk lightly out to the extreme end of the board, pose gracefully if you can, cast a sweet smile at the onlookers, to show them the new gold tooth you had put in last Saturday, and frown slightly with as much as to say, "I've done it fifty times, I can do it again." Cough slightly, scratch your left ear, then your right leg, then reach for the moon, and shove off. This last is done in various ways. The simplest way of "shoving off" is to merely lose your balance and fall gracefully into the H^2O . The other way is to pretend that you are an orang-outang, that is, you wrap your toes securely around the end of the spring-board and then let yourself fall stiff as a log. Do not, I repeat, **do not** release your toe hold until most of you has passed the horizontal position. This should enable you to enter the living deep at an angle of $37\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ (approx.), and is guaranteed to provide a thrill for anybody who can do it.

Before leaving for points south and east, I will suggest one other method. Go to the back of the spring-board, mark time for a moment to get the rust out of your elbows, and then suddenly burst out into a gallop. The object is to provide enough momentum so that if you suddenly change your mind about going in, you will have enough steam up so that you will go in anyway. This method requires lots of room, for you will invariably spread your arms, legs and neck over as much pool as is possible. The resulting splash always provides hilarity for the onlookers, so, no matter how much it hurts, you may be sure that your attempt was not altogether futile. As for the jack-knife, the swan-dive and other dives that are popular in this day and generation, after you have mastered the simpler ones, these will come as a second nature.

Although I never go near the water myself, I am sure that after studying these methods you will be able to dive in such a way as to provide both sore spots for yourself, and pleasure for your audience (if any).

Father (lecturing H. Arnold)—"Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

Hugh—"Oh, I'd be here alright. The question is, what would become of you?"

* * *

The Honorable—"My boy, do you realize how great is the solemnity of an oath, before you commit yourself?"

Bert Pettigrew—"Why—why, yes, sir. I caddied for you last Sunday."



The **STAFF** 1928

CRESCENT HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL



First, a dedication to the staff,
 Who teach us French and Lit. and Math.
 Too numerous to be described
 And what is more, can not be bribed.
 They're all good sports, a real fine bunch,
 And if you're good, I have a hunch,
 That they'll with roses strew your path.

—Amen.

A GLANCE AT OURSELVES

So far we have been unable to restore any of the ancient and honorable relics of athletic supremacy to their places of honor in the lower hall where they were wont to be in days gone past, to be regarded as objects of beauty and as mementos of never-to-be-forgotten events. However, beauty is only skin deep and doubtlessly if Mr. Watts were permitted to analyze those lustrous cups, under the surface they would be as tinny as a 1917 flivver. This is some consolation, but C.H.C.I. still has certain things to be proud of, namely, the numerous activities within the school.

Do you know that Crescent Heights, with the exception of C.C.I., has the only school orchestra in the city? But in the rest of our organizations we stand alone. Here are some of them—The Senior and Junior Literary Societies, the Science Club, the Debating League and the Hi-Y Club. The latter, though a city-wide organization, has been active only at this school.

These are things we should all appreciate, boast and take an active share in, for they develop musical talent, give poise and experience to future entertainers and public speakers, and give training in methods of organization and business procedure.

So, fellow students, shed not bitter tears over our athletic misadventures, but be grateful for the many privileges that we do enjoy in these the last years of our youth, and for many of us our last year at C.H.C.I.

WHAT OUR TEACHERS MEAN TO US

Aber H art
 T O dd
 Fra M e
 Ass E lstine
 W atts
 Fergus O n
 R eilly
 Mc K ellar

S mith
 Ferg U son
 C lark
 Bre C ken
 Wyli E
 Gile S
 A S selstine

-:- Our Staff -:-

Name	Born at	College	What we know them by
Mr. Aberhart	Seaforth, Ontario	Queen's	One more minute!
Mr. Asselstine	Violet, Ontario	Queen's	You better come and see me at four!
Mr. Brecken	Halifax, Nova Scotia	Toronto	That reminds me of the Irishman . . . !!
Miss Clark	Toronto, Ontario	McMaster's	If you do that again tell me and I'll give you fifty lines.
Mr. Ferguson	Beckwith, Ontario	Queen's	Clear your desks, papers for writing.
Mr. Frame	Lethbridge, Alberta	Alberta	Now! Who's not here!
Miss Giles	Paisley, Ontario	McMaster's	Write out each mistake fifteen times and turn them in at four.
Mr. Laurie	London, England	Trinity	Any questions?
Miss McKellar	Sarnia, Ontario	Queen's	Do you want me to get too envious?
Mr. Reilly	Sherbrooke, Quebec	Alberta	Nine times out of ten!
Miss Smith	Oil Springs, Ontario	Alberta	And so much for that!
Mr. Smith	Keighley, England	St. Mark's, London	No homework done? Jack, you're a sinner!
Miss Todd	Meaford, Ontario	Toronto	This room is altogether too noisy.
Mr. M. Watts	London, Ontario	Alberta	Now take your test books!
Mr. W. Watts	Cleveland, Ohio	Alberta	What was the last note I gave you?
Miss Wylie	Sutton West, Ontario	Toronto	Close your books, take pencil and paper!

We would like to take this opportunity of welcoming Miss Smith, Mr. Laurie, Mr. W. Watts, Mr. Reilly. We wish them all success in C.H.C.I.

Mr. Smith—"I've named my car the 'hen.'"
 Mr. Brecken—"Is that so, chevrolet any eggs?"

* * *

The latest scientific announcement is that the world has a crust thirty-six miles thick. It is believed that this gives the world a slight edge over Ralph Claxton.

* * *

Mr. Asselstine—"What's zero times zero?"
 Jack Lewis—"Oxo."

* * *

Optimist—"It's great to be alive."
 Pessimist—"Just back from Chicago, eh?"

* * *

Vivian—"What is your average income?"
 Cusack—"Oh, about midnight."

There is a wee teacher, Miss Clark,
 Who said, "Now you Eds! On your mark!"
 This thing's growing dire
 As closing draws nigher
 This "Bugle" is surely no lark.
 Poor Miss Clark!

So with brows which were furrowed and dark,
 They were digging up jokes from the ark;
 When, without any noise,—
 For, oh boys will be boys!—
 They skipped for the sports at the park.
 Poor Miss Clark!

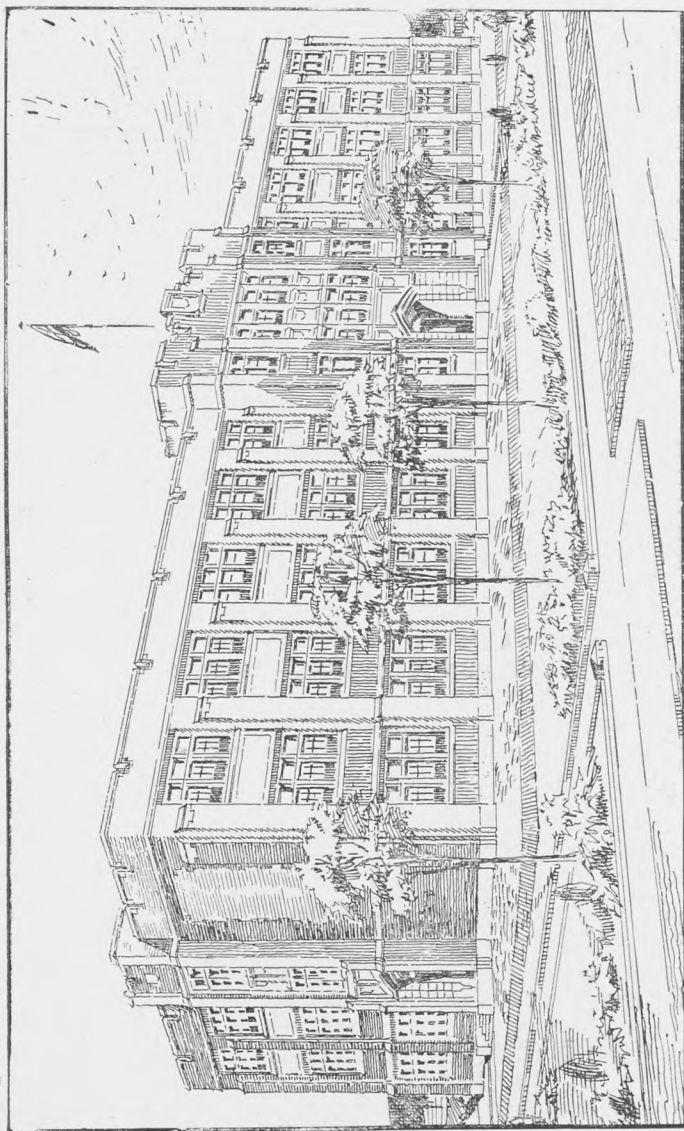
BELLS

Some folks like the wedding bells,
 Some like the bells on a train,
 Some like the fire bells' clanging ring,
 Or the cow-bells pastoral strain.

Some like the wild free joyous bells
 That ring the New Year in,
 Some like the sleigh-bells wintry tone
 And the phone bells' constant din.

Some like the distant rasping ring,
 Of the bell-buoy off the shore,
 But sweeter than all these to me
 Is the bell that rings at four.

OUR NEW RESIDENCE FOR 1928 - 29

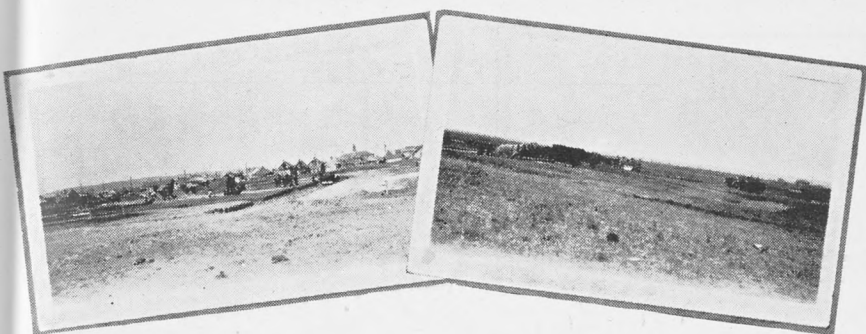


Above is an architect's drawing of the new High School to be erected on Crescent Heights by the Calgary School Board before December 15, 1928, at a total cost of \$275,000. The foundation has already been put in.

The building is of Collegiate Gothic design and contains 21 class rooms, four science laboratories, two gymnasiums, dressing and shower rooms, three special rooms for Office Staff and Teachers, steel lockers in the corridors and a library study room large enough for 80 students.

Each class room will seat 40 pupils. The gymnasiums, one for boys and one for girls, are equipped with side galleries and are so arranged that they can be converted into an auditorium that will seat between seven and eight hundred.





THE NEW SCHOOL

One lovely moonlit night the editor, assistant editor, the staff photographer and the office dog quietly made their way over to the site of the new school and after several manoeuvres and manipulations took the above photograph. This picture allows plenty of room for every student to exercise his imagination freely, while wondering what the new school will be like. However, in the near future, merry red-faced workmen, (the kind always employed by Bennett & White) with honest sweat rolling from their rugged, manly brows will be lustily swinging their picks and shovels, making the beginning of the construction of the new school which will not only be another monument to the progress of Calgary, but will be a new Crescent Heights, carrying on the spirit of the old school into the years to come.

SCHOOL YELL

Euripides, Themistocles, The Peloponnesian War,

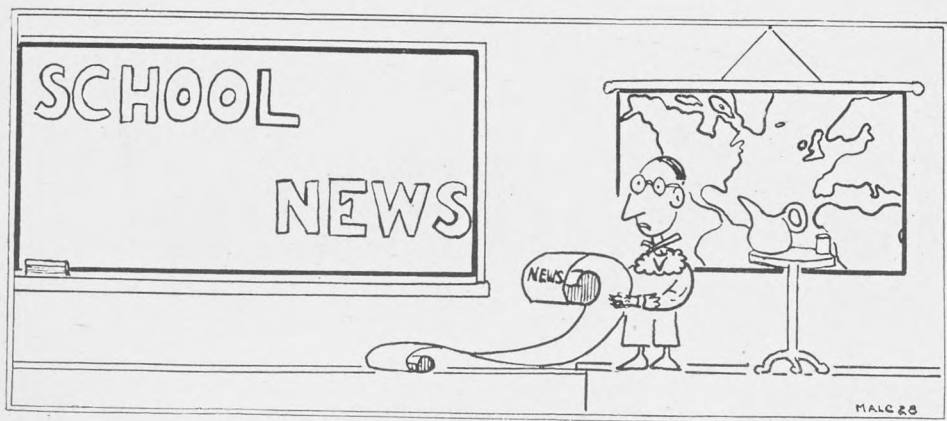
X² Y² H² SO⁴

French verbs, Latin verbs, Greek and all the rest—

Crescent Heights! Crescent Heights!!

Always are the best.





SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

One of the most important features of our school life is the number of organizations operating in our midst. As a school we are particularly fortunate in this respect. It affords opportunity and training for the students, and the result is very evident in the number of leaders we have in the school, such as Jack Collett. Below will be found these organizations, with a short account of each. The school should be proud of these as they make school life so much more bearable to both students and teachers.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

A very successful season has just been completed for the Senior Literary Society. Following the Christmas holidays interest was soon created over the election. The successful candidates were:

President — Carlyle England, XIA; Vice-President — Audrey Jones, XIA; Secretary-Treasurer—Margaret Hutton, XIIB.

The first program was one of a general character. In this meeting the Tens were given an opportunity to show their talent. Usually the Tens are only members of the Lit., and have no part in the programs. XA boys presented a very humorous pantomime.

The two Twelves had charge of the second meeting and delivered the program very well. The main feature was a play given by the girls of XII's A and B, entitled the "Alphabet Tragedy."

In the third Lit. the Elevens entertained us. The play, "Where is Betsy," proved to be a decided success, partly because it portrayed pioneer life in Ontario.

The Executive extends its thanks to Misses Clark and Smith, the staff representatives, who helped in arranging the programs. We also want to thank Mr. Smith and his orchestra for the excellent rendering of many musical numbers at our Literary meetings.

MARGARET M. HUTTON.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

After an exciting election in which fifteen students attempted to gain favor the XB Hustlers were elected. The officers elected for the executive were:

Arthur Cook, president; Jack Aberholtzer, vice-president; Margaret Nicoll, secretary-treasurer.

Room Representatives—IXA, Hazel Breckenridge, Gerald Thomson; IXB, Sheila McAlpine, Ralph Kane; IXC, Bert Pettigrew, Alvina Moore; IXD, Irene Williams, Stanley Franklin; IXE, Audrey McMurray, Maxwell Martyn; XC, John McKay, Hilda Jagre; XB, Gertrude O'Hanlan, Joe Taylor.

At the first meeting XB, IXC, and IXB displayed their talents. All the rooms gave plays and with the aid of Sheila McAlpine, Doris Orr, Jack Aberholtzer and Leonard Hoods the meeting was a decided success.

The second and last meeting was given by the remaining rooms, being XC, IXA, IXD and IXE. Two plays were given and a club drill by the IXA girls. Margaret Ross, Laura Hornby, May Brown and Mary Betcher assisted the meeting by songs, while Annie Fullerton, Molly Bowen, Margaret McArthur gave recitations.

This meeting brought the Lit. to a regrettable close.

A great deal of the success of the Lits. was due to the orchestra which is under the leadership of Mr. Smith.

On behalf of the student body and executive I wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who participated in the Literary meetings.

MARGARET NICOLL, Sec'y-Treasurer.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Feed me on gruel again, just for tonight;
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified biscuit, and galvanized cake,
Oysters that sleep in a watery bath,
And butter as strong as Goliath of Gath—
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing up rubber, and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, how weary I am!
Give me a swipe at my grandmother's ham,
Let me drink milk that hasn't been skimmed
Let me eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed—
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
Then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

Geo. Scott—"What did you do with the cuffs I left on the table last night?"

Beth S.—"They were so soiled I sent them to the laundry."

George—"Ye Gods, there goes the entire history of England."

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y have enjoyed a very successful year, both socially and financially.

Socially, the most important accomplishment was the achievement of a concert which was very successful. The Club regime has changed. Dinner is now served every Friday noon in connection with the meetings, so that with nine members, Elgar Carter, chief chef and head waiter combined, has improved materially in mathematics due to constant practice in dividing two pies among nine eagle-eyed diners. We are still fortunate in having Mr. Frame as leader, and sincerely appreciate his work with us. Officers for the year are as follows: Mr. Aberhart, honorary president; Jack Collet, president; E. Carter, vice-president; Art Cook, treasurer; M. MacLean, secretary.

Financially we are rather pleased with the returns our efforts have brought us. As it is, after paying for the Honor Roll we still have enough left to present the school with an amount around fifty dollars.

We are anticipating the best year of our existence this year and confidently await its outcome.

M. MACLEAN, Secretary.

THE HI-Y HONOUR ROLL

One of the aims of the Hi-Y Club is to improve the school-life and also to try to produce more all-round students. While endeavoring to find a way to accomplish the high ideals of the Club, the plan of an Honour Roll was brought into being. The Club in distress sought the aid of the Honorary President, Mr. Aberhart, who, with the help of the leader, Mr. Frame, worked out the plan in detail. The Honour Roll is for the purpose of developing the all-round students, and accordingly the basis on which the candidates would succeed in gaining a place on it was by securing the highest marks in scholarship, improvement from Christmas to Easter, school activities and popularity or leadership. The Roll would provide for ten years, having two names placed on it per year.

The expenses of the Roll was defrayed by a Concert in 1927. A prize of five dollars was offered to the student submitting the accepted design for the Roll. This was won by Douglas Thornton. On March 29, 1928, the Honour Roll was unveiled and presented to the school by Mr. A. Mahaffy at the second Hi-Y Concert.

Those whose names appeared on the Roll at the unveiling were:

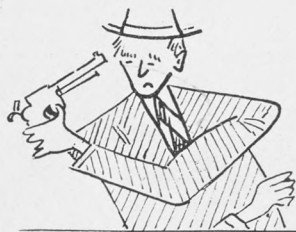
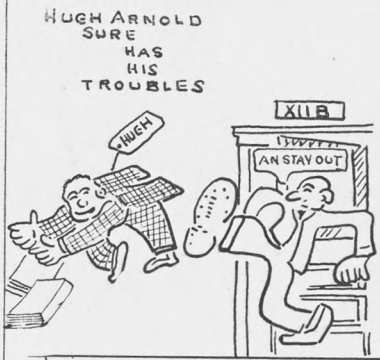
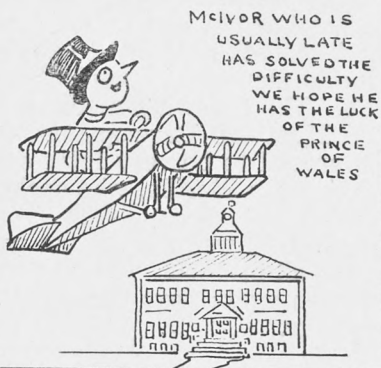
Grade XII—R. Anderson and Myrtle Tesky. Grade XI—H. Riley and L. McElroy. Grade X—Audrey Jones and B. Austin. Grade IX—H. McBride and Betty Webb.

Those successful in the recent contest were:

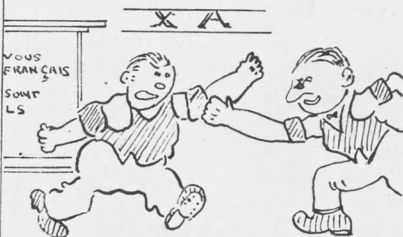
Grade XII—Jean Scott and L. McElroy. Grade XI—B. McCalla and Audrey Jones. Grade X—Jean Irving and H. McBride. Grade IX—Catherine Frost and S. Franklin.

The Honour Roll is now in full force. The securing of the names will be in charge of the Hi-Y Club each year. The success of the Honour Roll, however, depends largely on the students in the school and it will be a success if there is a good response to the call of the Club for candidates.

J. COLLETT, President.



"THE EDITOR MR. ENGLAND"
WONDER WHAT HE'S THINKING
ABOUT?



LES DULMADGE WANTS TO
PUT HIS FRENCH ON THE BOARD
BUT McFARLANE CLAIMS ITS
HIS TURN



ACTUAL PHOTO
BEFORE TAKING
"HUSKY"
I WAS A COMPLETE
WRECK, NOW LOOK
AT ME
W. SMITH
C.H.C.I



TOM LOGIE
PICTURED
WHEN
SAYS I HAVE
HIS AMBITION
HE GROWS
UP

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

CRESCENT HEIGHTS SCIENCE CLUB

The Crescent Heights Science Club is in its first year at C.H.C.I. So far it has met with great success, and much of this has been due to the combined efforts of Mr. P. Brecken and Mr. W. Watts.

The Club now consists of nearly forty members. It has met every second week, after 4 o'clock in the Physics Lab. Noted speakers were obtained and gave very interesting and educational talks to the students. Mr. G. Salt, who was later elected Honorary President, gave the first address, on his research work. The following meeting, Mr. Mortan gave a very interesting talk on Electrical Development. Mr. Fowler's talk on Coal and its Analysis proved to be very interesting. The last speaker that favored the Club was Mr. McAlla, who spoke on Wild Plant Life.

The only social event the Club has yet held was a sleighing party which proved to be a delightful event for all present.

It is to be hoped the Club will function again next term, getting an earlier start than was possible this year.

XB has a lady called Tweedle
 Who wouldn't accept her degree;
 She said, "It's bad enough to be Tweedle,
 Without being Tweedle D.D."—Ex.

* * *

Angel No. 1—"How'd you get here?"
 Angel No. 2—"Flu."

* * *

Edith McCalla—"Aren't you shook up when you run over a pedestrian?"

Mickey—"I never hit one that big."

ZETA KAPA RHO

The Z.K.R. have terminated another successful year in the field of social activities. The Club held three dances during the winter, which were largely attended by the students and ex-students from Crescent Heights and from many of the other High schools.

An eventful Theatre Party was also held under the management of the Z.K.R. The Palace Theatre kindly obtained an appropriate picture, "The College Widow," which the students all enjoyed. The collegiate atmosphere was duly maintained throughout the evening by the waving cheer leaders, as each school strove to outdo the other in the volume of their yells.

Although these events greatly promoted the social activities for High school students, the Club are going to plan more and better events to lighten the study burdens for the coming year.

C.H.C.I. PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

P.T.A. OFFICERS

Honorary President—Mr. Wm. Aberhart.
 President—Mrs. W. E. Callbeck.
 First Vice-President—Mrs. E. H. Crockett.
 Second Vice-President—Mr. M. L. Watts.
 Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. R. Willet.
 Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. L. H. Spragg.
 Treasurer—Mrs. M. A. Budge.
 Press Correspondent—Mrs. J. A. Budge.
 Membership Convenor—Mrs. R. Binnion.
 Social Convenor—Mrs. T. W. Lewis.
 Reception Convenor—Mrs. J. C. Burton.
 Visiting Convenor—Mrs. T. R. Ross.
 Program Committee—Miss Smith, Mr. Lory.

If "Bigger and Better" had been adopted as the slogan of our Association for the past year, we could feel that it had been lived up to, fully.

With an alert, wide-awake, up-to-the-minute President, in Mrs. W. E. Callbeck, never have we had stronger leadership.

With an efficient, energetic executive, with the aid of an able sympathetic staff, and with the support of a Principal who is untiring in his efforts to further the work of this organization, we feel that we have accomplished much along the line of understanding and co-operation between parents and teachers; and what is perhaps of greater importance, between parents and students.

The timely topics discussed at our meetings, with the virile speakers, have created intense interest, and brought us the largest attendance in our history. In fact, we have it on good authority, that we have the largest attendance of any P.T.A. in the city.

Just here I note a few of the speakers of the year with their subjects:

"Problems of Adolescent Youth," M. L. Watts; "Is there need of alarm regarding the social life of our High School students?," Mr. Aberhart, B.A.; "Home Study," Miss McKellar; "Money Value of an Education," Wesley Watts; "Effect of Outside Work on School Success," Mr. Frame; while Mr. Calhoun, City Librarian, has given us "Education for a Changing Civilization."

Our usual social activities have been carried on. The reception for out-of-town students, in February, is worthy of mention. The Skating Carnival at the Arena was the most successful in our history.

The Annual Athletic Banquet, postponed this year till March 16, was held in the Prophetic Bible Institute and voted the "best yet."

Refreshments are served at each meeting by our Social Convener, Mrs. Lewis, and her staff of assistants. This social hour over the tea cups has become very popular.

And lastly we may not overlook the good work done by this organization, in conjunction with various others—in making possible the new High School building for Crescent Heights.

SUSIE E. WILLETT, Rec.-Sec'y.

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF XIA

P. Dichmont—

Pete Dichmont a poker forever will be;
There's nobody more happy-go-lucky than he.

A. Jones—

With ready smile and glance so bright,
Audrey Jones knows how to keep the teachers right.

B. Stickney—

For popularity and wisdom Bill Stickney's all there
From the toe of his boots to his crown of black hair.

D. Powell—

Handsome, witty, a shiek not too bold
And you have Dwight Powell's story all told.

B. Austin—

Bert Austin with hair as black as jet
Is a jewel among men,—but not just yet.

H. Crockett—

Demure, but wise, a little blonde beauty
Hope Crockett to studies sure does her duty.

E. Swiffen—

Tall, blonde, and handsome, Ed. Swiffen's some shiek,
But of his Latin homework,—we'd rather not speak.

M. Howarth—

Margaret Howarth has her subjects right down to the letter.
For systematic study she's sure a go-getter.

E. Callbeck—

At rugby Teddy Callbeck is good for his size,
But it's when with the girls this boy takes the prize.

J. Insley—

So handsome, unobtrusive, and little to say
Jack Insley sure blushes when the girls look his way!

W. Christenson—

Myron Christenson has acquired the synonym of "speed,"
And XIA will tell you he's a fine sport indeed.

H. Zibrick—

Harold Zibrick in History is surely a riot.
A favorite with all, though by nature he's quiet.

G. Machon—

Swift at hockey, full of pep, enters school with a bound,
Everyone knows when "Curly" Machon's around.

M. Sharman—

Petite, and dainty, and with laughter obsessed,
Of all the wee girly Margaret Sharman's the best.

M. Boundy—

In elocution Muriel Boundy has achieved notoriety,
She's one of the prettiest girls in High School Society.

E. Clipsham—

Elizabeth Clipsham, unassuming young maid,
Her nimble young fingers for the piano were made.

K. Bell—

A cute little girl is Kathleen Bell,
As a chum for Margaret she fits in well.

Click Shanderson
Pete Dichmont
Audrey Jones
Bill Stickney
Dwight Powell
B. Austin
Hope Crockett
Ed. Swiffen
Margaret Howarth
Teddy Callbeck
Jack Insley
Myron Christenson
Harold Zibrick
"Curly" Machon
M. Sharman
Muriel Boundy
Elizabeth Clipsham
Kathleen Bell
Agnes Ogilvie
Bob McAnally
Betty Duguid
David Dick
Allen

H. Matheson—

For Howie Matheson we say, Aye! Aye!
At hockey and baseball he makes fine play.

G. Brownie—

Gordon Brownie's home in XIA should be
But this Beau Brummel lives chiefly in XIB—Question—Why?

M. Belkin—

Behind her noble brow and big dark eyes
Mary Belkin harbors thoughts as very, very wise.

M. Bateman—

Good-humored, happy, a friend to all,
Mary Bateman will come to anyone's call.

Daisy Wray—

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

M. Hestre—

Mary Hestre possesses a temperament of beauty sublime,
All the virtues of a sweet nature are in her well defined.

D. Standerwick—

Dick Standerwick's looks are a little deceiving
His innocent start we are far from believing.

I think this is "slick" on the part of XIA. I move a hearty vote
of thanks to Daisy Wray for the time spent on this. Yea !!!

M. BOUNDY.

A compass is a small instrument by which sailors find their way
about at sea. It draws a circle every time they want to turn around.

—L.H.S., Spotlight.

* * *

Do you know Adam Tulloch?

Yes. I used to sleep with him.

Room-mates?

No. We both took chemistry.

—L.H.S., Spotlight.

* * *

Mr. Brecken—"What is a F(j)ord?"

Rosie Reid—"A small Scandinavian automobile."

—L.H.S., Spotlight.

QUESTIONS

Hugh Arnold has heard of radio ground wires and wants to know
why they grind them.

Answer—Box 0000-C.H.C.I. Bugle.

I tenderly love a beautiful girl who lives back near the hill in the
house with the new porch. Can you tell me what will remove fresh
paint stains out of the foundation of a pair of broadcloth pants?—

Ralph Claxton.

How do you die black kid gloves white when you want to go to a
wedding two days after a funeral?—McElroy.

XIB

A lofty proud girl is Olive McKinnon,
To know her right, start at the beginnin'.

Alberta Spitzmesser must be Dutch,
She's a real nice girl, so don't all rush.

Marjorie Ferguson — it's hard to reach her,
She's no relation of the history teacher.

Aonther "Mac" is Jessie MacPherson,
She may be Scotch but a very fine person.

Another dame is Jean Bennett,
The swellest girl I ever met.

A flapper small is Marion Bates,
And she's so rushed she mixes her dates.

Next on the list is Dorothy Bond,
If a little fairer she'd be a blonde.

Bessie Stewart is very fair,
She belongs to a type that's very rare.

Now shake hands with Ellen Balter,
She'd been your friend if you'd only axter.

Margaret Little's a pretty lass,
She's bright and admired by all her class.

A witty girl is Muriel Preston,
Let her ways give you a lesson.

Next you're to meet a fairy Grace,
Tompkins' her name and she's won her place.

XIB's next member is Florence Rice,
And her Junior pals sure think she's nice.

Maisie McFarland's a small dark girl,
And on her forehead she grows a kiss-curl.

Violet Davies excels others by far,
But she's no relation of the movie star.

Allison Brownie plays basketball,
She don't mind boys, 'cause she knows them all.

Colleen Holmwood's an XI student, so what we can't see
Is why she's so often seen in XIIB.

Colleen Holmwood.

Art Kirkby's hair is very red,
I'm sure we'll all miss him when he's dead.

Rod classes all humanity as "wet" and "wetter,"
But the dampest we've seen is that Z.K.R. sweater.

If we must believe all outward signs,
Malcolm McCallum likes one of the nines.

Dick's seen in novels and all that stuff,
The original "Dymond in the rough." *Dick D. Dymond.*

He does as much homework as he could,
So it's really quite right to say "Russel Wood."

McAlpine one day was feeling quite blue,
"I'm no longer Miss Gile's pet," wailed Hugh.

If you knew all the homework dodges like "Justy,"
You'd have reason to think you weren't so dusty.

McCannel's one twelve subject's coming on fine,
Since to Miss Todd Bruce has taken a shine.

"Three years at High school," says Emil Kaiser,
"And in nothing but sports am I any wiser."

When teacher says, "Who's chewing gum,"
Scotty swallows his—he's not so dumb.

All sorts of airs would we assume
With so knightly a name as has Bethume.

When teacher's looks are very annoyed,
They're never directed at quiet Lloyd.

If you really wish to make our Robert mad,
Just pin to his back a Christie biscuit ad.

Like a Miller in a mill,
Is our quiet industrious Phil.

Robert Christie

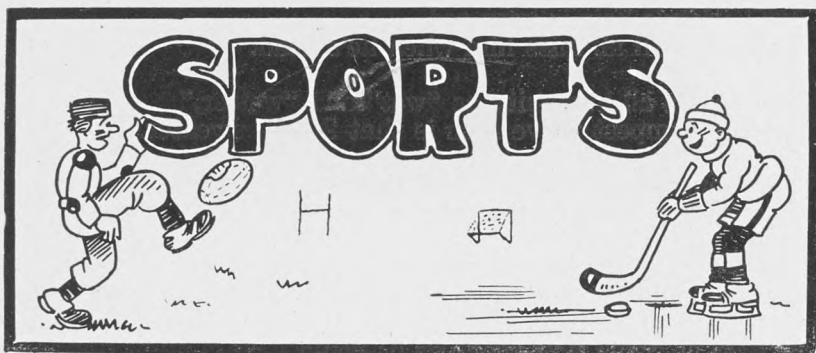
Miss Smith—"I hear Ed. Swiffin has written a three-act comedy."
Miss Giles—"Yes, he read it to me and Miss Todd and Mr. Ferguson yesterday."

Miss Smith—"What did you think of it?"

Miss Giles—"We all three thought one of the acts superfluous."

M. S.—"Which one was that?"

M. G.—"We each chose a different act."



"The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
Up threw the windows all;
And every soul cried out 'Well done,'
As loud as he could bawl."

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

The Interscholastic Meet has always been one of the most important events of the school year, and was held June 1st at Hillhurst Park, just in time to allow us to mention it in the "Bugle." Every year this event has been well attended and this year was no exception. School colors and school yells were much in evidence and C.H.C.I. really surpassed itself at the pleasant task of rendering yells to help along our athletes.

The track meet was won by South Calgary, a fact that every boy at Crescent much regrets. However, Crescent Heights took second place and during most of the afternoon gave the winner a very close run. In "A" class, the most successful was E. Frost, who placed in five of the six events of that section. In "B" class, Curson did well in the jumps, Austin in the shot-put, and Lowick in the runs. These three boys scooped up fifteen points for C.H.C.I. In "C" class, Parker, McDougall and Kaiser gained another 33 points, and Wally Smith, H. Riley and A. Whitney picked up eleven more points in "D" class.

Although we would have liked to have seen more of the tinware restored to its accustomed place in the lower hall, the St. Julian Shield for "C" class is the only one to come back to its old place since its loss sometime ago. Two of the boys from the school, Bill Parker and E. Frost, won championship medals for excelling in their respective divisions.

However, next year will bring another track meet and this may mean the restoration of more of our gone, but not forgotten, cups and shields.

Audrey Jones—"I should like to marry an engineer."

Marjorie Leich—"A civil engineer?"

Audrey—"Oh, it wouldn't matter much, I'd make him civil."

NEXT YEAR'S TRACK MEET IS OURS

Failure's just a resting-place
 On the road to try again;
 Just a slackening of the pace
 And a pause for sturdy men;
 Just a temporary host
 On the march to wealth and fame,
 Where you can correct the fault
 And go on to play the game.

Failure's not a thing to dread;
 It is just a hint to you
 Ere you dash too far ahead
 To be careful what to do;
 It's the side-track where you wait
 For the passing fast express:
 Get up steam! the run is straight,—
 Our future railroad to success.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

We have missed such a golden opportunity. Leap year should have seen the girls enter the Inter-School Track Meet. Perhaps we could have made some valuable additions to this year's record leaping.

GIRLS' SPORTS

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President	-	-	-	Kathleen McDougall
Vice-President	-	-	-	Audrey Jones
Secretary	-	-	-	Jacobine Gimbel
Treasurer	-	-	-	Margaret Howarth

BASEBALL (Inter-room)

The Girls' Baseball teams were organized last fall into three leagues:

Senior League—XIIA, XIA, XIB, XIC.

Intermediate League—XA, XB, XC, XD.

Junior League—IXA, IXB, IXC, IXD, IXE.

Ten games were played when unsatisfactory weather conditions intervened, leaving XIA tearing at its leash to combat the Junior division, having successfully overcome XIIA; this room they believed to be their strongest opponent. Prove your worth, Juniors. It remains with you whether the sports record of Crescent Heights be upheld in the four coming years. The play-off for the Williams Cup is to be held the latter part of April.

BASKETBALL (Inter-Room)

The Christine McDougall Cup was the cause of many a hard-fought and fast game during the noon-hours of winter months. The final play-off between IXA and XIIA showed the wonderful pluck and play of the Junior team, when the Seniors were successful by only one point more than their opponents. If the Juniors keep up their good work Crescent will have nothing to fear in the sport field in the future.

INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

The Senior Interscholastic Basketball had but one division to which all the High schools of the city belonged this year. The school winning the greatest number of games was to be champion. So our Seniors, well-conditioned and "rarin' to go," under the able directorship of Miss Wylie as coach, met their first and worst opponents, January 19th, namely C.C.I. The Centrals were victorious, but undaunted, our Seniors redoubled their efforts and were victorious against South Calgary in two successive games. Then East Calgary and two weeks later, Mount Royal fell beneath their new energy. The decisive battle against C.C.I. was fought March 2nd. Whoever won this game practically held the championship and unfortunately, after a bitter struggle, our Seniors were beaten. But those who witnessed the game had the comfort of knowing our girls played fairly and well, and no one could but admire their good sportsmanship. Though the succeeding games were played merely as a matter of form, our girls entered into the game whole-heartedly and again defeated Mount Royal, later winning against East Calgary by default.

JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

The Junior Basketball was divided into two divisions—North and South. Our Juniors showed exremely fine playing in all their games and were defeated by but one team in their division, that of East Calgary. As South Calgary is the winner in the South division, our Juniors will have a chance to prove their metal in the play-off, which takes place shortly after the Easter holidays.

And now that you have read of our famed basketball teams, no doubt you would like to know exactly to what individuals should all this glory go.

First, we must mention the coach, who has made all this fine-playing possible—Miss Wylie. The girls asked us to take this opportunity to thank Miss Wylie for her untiring work on their—and the school's—behalf.

THE SENIORS

"Jakie" Gimbel (Guard)—

Jakie's captain of the team,

A snappier guard will ne'er be seen.



Senior Basketball Team

Ella Halstead (Guard)—

"Mac" is famed for her long shot,
And at guarding she's right on the spot.

Freda Roper (Centre)—

Scrambling, fighting, knock-outs by the score,
Look out, opponents! Freda's on the floor.

Edith and Louise McCalla (Forwards)—

Who does the shooting that's so neat?
Hans and Fritz, and never the twain shall be beat.

Kathleen Rogers, Julia Short, Phil Ethridge (Substitutes)—

Practice makes perfect, so they say,
But our subs won't need practice for many a day.

THE JUNIORS

Margaret Sharmon (Captain, Forward)—

"Lightning" might be Margaret's name,
To sharp shooting she attributes her fame.

Allison Brownie, Agnes Moir and Elvis Carson (Forwards)—

Equal in ability, good players all
When they're playing basketball.

Edna Thomson (Centre)—

A dandy centre, she's so tall
And not so slow when after the ball.

Gertie O'Hanlon (Guard)—

"Tubby's" efforts foil defeat,
To sing her praises 'tis only meet.

Vivian Stevenson and Phil Rogers (Guards)—

Small and snappy, both these two,
But unlimited is the damage they do.

Helen Oberholtzer (Sub Guard)—

Helen can play, we hope to tell,
She could fill either place and fill it well.

KATHLEEN McDOUGALL.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President	W. Smith
Vice-President	H. Arnold
Sec'y-Treasurer	R. McIvor

THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

With the breezy blasts of the Autumn season came the blasts of C.H.C.I. for a Senior rugby team. Preparations were hindered for a time when the schools were closed owing to the epidemic; however, with the reopening of school, we had a large number of candidates trying for a place on the team. With the untiring efforts of Mr. Ross, and the co-operative efforts of the boys, we had a nice working team in a short time.

Our first game with East Calgary resulted in a win for the East-erners. The game was close all through and our only casualty occurred when Arnold emerged from a scrimmage without his bearings.

We trimmed St. Mary's in the next game, but for our last effort, vs. Central, we cannot say as much.

On the whole the season was successful, and we cannot but help acknowledging that the Senior team is coming back to its former standard of play.

The Lineup—Quarter back, H. Arnold; half-backs, G. Lock (cap-tain), B. Johnson, W. Smith, M. McCallum, C. England; centre, G. McCune; inside wings, R. Claxton, R. Cusack; centre wings, G. Camp-bell, G. Epstein; outside wings, E. Dunn, R. Nixdorff; substitutes, E. Gordon, A. Bulavitsky, A. MacIntosh, R. King, G. Scott.

A PHYSICAL RECIPE

A young man had been told by his wife to write down a recipe, which he was to receive over the radio. In doing this he happened to tune in on two stations at once, one broadcasting physical exer-cises and the other one broadcasting the recipe. The passage he wrote was as follows:

"Hands at hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon of baking powd-

er, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve, exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

H. ARNOLD.

THE INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM

Although we had only a little over a week for practice, before the season opened, we succeeded, with the able assistance of our coach, Duncan McNeil, in whipping a team into shape for the opening game with South Calgary.

This was the best game of the season, and after a hard-fought struggle, featured by some thrilling end-runs by Bill Parker, we emerged victorious by the narrow margin of 7-5.

After this game, which we thought would be the hardest of the year, we felt that the championship was as good as ours; but alas—"Pride goeth before a fall," and in the next game with Central we fell. The score?— 'Nuff said!

In the third game the Crescents completely outclassed the East Calgary boys.

A day or two later, however, we were snowed in for the winter, and the season closed with the championship undecided as three teams, South Calgary, Central and Crescent Heights each had a chance to win.

The Lineup—Halves, W. Parker, R. Milton, R. McIvor, L. McElroy (captain); quarter, E. Callbeck; centre, R. Dunn; inside wings, J. Willis, J. Baxter, B. Williams, J. Lewis, A. Malkin, W. Good; middle wings, L. Ekstrom, R. Holmes, D. Powell; ends, H. Matheson, H. Hutchinson.

JUNIOR RUGBY GOES "BIG"

Although the epidemic put the kibosh on an early start to the rugby season, it did not prevent C.H.C.I. producing a good Junior Rugby team. At the earliest convenience, Mr. "Wes" Watts, our able coach, gathered the raw material together, and rapidly whipped the boys into championship form, and soon they became expert at kicking and chasing the pigskin.

The first victory was at the expense of Western Canada College, in which the Crescents swamped their opponents 39 nil, thereby proving themselves superior "omnibus rebus." However, too much cannot be based on this "warmup" as this was W.C.C.'s initial year playing rugby.

In a game, which proved to be the last of the season, the Crescents were pitted against their old rivals, Central. The Red and Blue outclassed C.C.I. in every department of the game and "multo die" the boys from the North Hill were on the long end of a 27-10 score.

Thus we see that the only thing that prevented our Juniors from bringing home the "bacon" was the untimely intervention of Old Man Winter.

The team lined up as follows—Halves, Austin (captain), Lowick, McDougal, Machon; quarter, Standerwick; centre, D. "Red" Sinclair; insides, Fewksbury, E. Frost Macfarlane; middle, Woods and Taylor; outsides, Malcolm, Logie and Curson.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Under the leadership of Mr. Brecken, Senior Hockey was a decided success. Numerous practices were held immediately after the new year and a red and blue squad was chosen from the large number of hopefuls who turned out at practices. Dame Fortune, too, smiled sweetly on us, giving us good weather and no casualties worthy of the name.

To show ourselves worthy to be called Seniors and to provide an object lesson for the Intermediates and Juniors, we made a clean sweep in our section. The first game, which was with St. Mary's, revealed the real strength of the Crescents and gave us a 9-1 victory. It was featured by the stellar scoring of Malc. McCallum. Mount Royal provided the opposition for the next game and again the Crescents came out the large end of the horn with a 3-1 win. In the third game which was played on extraordinary wet ice, the Saints received a 4-0 drubbing, and in the last game Mount Royal received the light end of a 3-2 score. Carlyle England featured in this game, scoring two goals in double quick time. Lack of space prevents us from describing the stick-handling, gymnastics and aerial feats performed by individual players, but the scores are large enough to speak for themselves.

So far fortune smiled on us. Whether she admired our red and blue sweaters or our captain himself was never definitely ascertained. But the climax approached. It was reached one beautiful Saturday afternoon in February when C.H.C.I. and C.C.I. met to decide the championship.

Both teams were very ably cheered on by rooters who gave lots of vocal support, but for the Crescents, this was the beginning of the end, for Fortune, fickle as ever, frowned on us. In the first period the Crescents blossomed forth and led the play, though no goals were scored. After that we began to wilt and Central trickled through our hitherto adamant defence and impregnable forwards to score, and before the storm was over had bulged the twine for five of those all-important goals. But as for retaliating, the Crescents were indisposed, although Carlyle England did flip one in "just for luck."

This terminated the hockey schedule but brought C.H.C.I. quite close to a Senior championship. Prospects though, for the next year are fine, for several of this year's players will be again available. May they have a good team next year and bring the championship to the school on the hill.

Lineup—

Goal, C. Lock (captain); defense, H. Mathison, M. MacCallum; forwards, A. Dick, Jennejohn, C. England; H. Arnold, L. MacElroy, D. Milton and MacFarlane.



Senior Hockey Team

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

Little by little our hockey teams are building up for themselves a firm and imposing structure. We should like to make it a sky-scraper. Our Junior team is already qualified to make a spectacular pinnacle for it. Our Intermediate team is serving almost as useful a purpose, for it is making a firm foundation for the superstructure; a foundation on which the players may fall upon, or sit on; or from which they may make a safe and successful take-off for their flight to victory.

Players—Defense, H. Matheson (captain), J. Insley; forwards, E. Kaiser, E. Callbeck, E. Dick; subs, W. Madryga, J. McDougall.

Our first game at Hillhurst Park gave us a lot of trouble. We had a hard time finding a referee, and then we had great difficulty in finding a team for him to work on. However, we tried to forget the loss of the game and of our ten cents in repeating our motto, "Dum spiro, spero — or dum spero, spiro — (O shoot! If the word order worries you, you may ask Miss Giles). Anyway we all knew the translation, while there's life there's hope. (We said it in English).

Our next game with South Calgary showed we had had reason to spiro spero. The score was 2-1—almost in our favor. We were encouraged to try some more of the same language. "Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros," meaning "Calamity is man's true touchstone."

We had two other games, one at Mewata Park with Central, score 2-1, and one with Western Canada High School, score 1-1. At this later game the surface of the rink resembled Chestermere cheese, and the audience, time-keeper, cheer-leader, first aid, etc., consisted of our faithful coach, Mr. Brecken.

H. E. MATHESON.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

Crescent Heights this year had, due to the able management and interest taken on the part of Mr. Wes. Watts, a very good Junior Hockey team.

Captained by Clare Malcolm, the team made a clean sweep of their section first, by defeating Commercials 5-0, and secondly, East Calgary 6-1.

In the finals they met Central (winners of "A" Section laurels) in the Arena. The teams were equally matched, play raging at both ends in quick succession. In the end, however, luck faded for the Crescents and Central plugged two goals past "Eagle Eye" MacFarlane. Endeavouring to equalize, the Crescents forced the play raining shots on the Central custodian. Finally "Curly" Machon, of the Crescents, raced the length of the ice, sagging the biscuit in the opponents' twine for the neatest goal of the match.

"Pee-Wee" Logie played an outstanding game dodging here and there after the rubber, securing much applause from the crowd of students.

The game ended 2-1 in favor of Central and although we are sorry to give up the Shield we won last year, we extend to them our hearty congratulations, but look to next year's team to turn the tables.

The members of the team appreciate and thank Mr. Watts for the help and interest taken by him in the team.

Lineup—Goal, "Eagle Eye" MacFarlane; defence, Curly Machon, Gehrig Lowick; centre, "Pee-Wee" Logie; wings, C. Malcolm, L. Clements; subs, J. Forsy, E. Frost, S. Vickers.

ERIC LOWICK.

INTERMEDIATE INTER-ROOM HOCKEY

The schedule was drawn up and the games started in the Inter-room Hockey League right after the Christmas holidays. A great deal of interest was taken in the games which were played at the North Hill Community rink. A warm spell interfered slightly with the schedule, but a successful playoff was arranged.

The schedule divided the rooms into two sections; the nines and tens in the Junior and the elevens and twelves in the Senior. A combined team from IXA and IXB successfully contested the right of Junior champions, while the team from XIIB were the winners of the Senior section.

The two champions then met in the great battle of the stars to determine the winners of the league. This great game, which was played on very poor ice, was a closely contested struggle as can be

seen from the final score of 2-1, which was chalked up in favor of XIIB.

This made XIIB the Inter-room champions and the winners of the large pennant emblematic of this honor. The happy players were presented this trophy at the Annual School Banquet, and it now graces the walls of XIIB.

W. SMITH.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

When speaking of this section of sport we say "It might have been." However, due to a number of reasons, one being lack of organization, this was not as successful as in previous years. With proper organization the Senior boys could have provided a basketball schedule equally interesting if not more so than the Juniors. As it was there was only one game of note, that being between XIIA and XIIB. This ended in favor of XIIA, and thereby hangs a tale.

Last year there were hopes of establishing Inter-Collegiate Boys' Basketball. The only activity shown in this line was the prospect of a game with the Technical boys. This, however, was forgotten about.

In concluding, this year we again hope that next year will see the establishment of Inter-Collegiate Boys' Basketball.

BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

A very successful but not outstanding season has been experienced by the Junior Basketballers. Although no inter-scholastic series was provided, through the efforts of Don McLeod, the president, a good inter-room series was carried on. XB won the Grade X championship by defeating Grades XC and XA, in two bitterly contested games, the scores being 19-14 and 21-16 respectively. XD was not represented as they did not have enough players. Because of the earliness of the Easter exams, the Grade IX championship was not played off.

One of the notable features of the season was the decided improvement made by the boys in both passing and shooting. This was made possible by the excellent coaching of Mr. Watts, and because of this the Seniors may rest assured of good material next year.

Next year basketball will take a prominent part in the school's athletic activities. Early in October a meeting will be held to elect officers of both the Senior and Junior leagues and the games will commence about November 1st, after the inter-scholastic sports are over. It is our intention to establish an inter-school league. We hope, therefore, that we shall be able to develop a strong team. To this end we suggest that there be less changing from one sport to the other, but that some choose basketball and some choose hockey and then stick to their chosen line.

"When was beef-tea first introduced into England?"

"When they dissolved the Papal Bull."—IXE, Siren.

THE BASEBALL OF 1928

At the time of going to press the baseball is progressing favorably (for some of the teams). It was decided to have an inter-grade series rather than an inter-room series, as this would have left a number of rooms without enough players to make a team.

In the schedule at present the Grade XII's lead the school, and from all appearances and indications, everyone (or nearly everyone) agrees that they might as well donate the cup to the Seniors and just practice for next year. However, a few of the ambitious Freshmen, who, I am glad to say, are in the minority, strenuously object to this arrangement on the basis, that if they had not made so many errors when they played the Seniors, and consequently had brought in more runs (for themselves) they might have beaten us.

We dismiss the fatal suggestion, and extend to the whole school an invitation to come and gaze at our trophy, the Z.K.R. Cup, as soon as the arrangements and necessary decorations are completed, including the replating of the cup.

A HERO AT LAST

A man on third, two batters out,
Two runs would win the game.
If he could hit a homerun clout
Renowned would be his name.

He hitched his grimy trousers up,
And spat upon his hands,
He pulled his cap athwart his eyes
And faced the roaring stands.

"Three balls!" The fans yelled with delight,
"Strike two," the umpire said,
He hit the next ball out of sight,—
And then fell out of bed.

JACK LEWIS, XA.

An excellent prescription
For the malady of blues
Is : Pay up your subscription
And read the "Bugle" news.

* * *

Mr. Brecken—"That reminds me of the Scotchman that
Yes, Edna.

Edna Blackwood—"Please, sir, may I be excused?"

MONEY

Dug from the mountainside, washed in the glen,
 Servant am I, or master of men
 Steal me, I curse you,
 Earn me, I bless you,
 Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you;
 Lie for me, die for me;
 Covet me, take me,
 Angel or devil, I am what you make me.

THE END OF THEIR LUCK

Absolute knowledge I have none,
 But my aunt's washwoman's son
 Heard a policeman on his beat
 Say to a laborer on the street
 That he had a letter last week,
 Written in the finest Greek,
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbucktoo,
 Who said the niggers in Cuba knew
 Of a colored man in a Texas town
 Who got it straight from a circus clown,
 That a man in the Klondike heard the news
 From a gang of South American Jews,
 About somebody in Bamboo
 Who heard a man who claimed he knew
 Of a swell society female rake
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake
 To prove to her husband's sister's niece
 That she has a son who has a friend
 Who knows when South Calgary's luck will end.

An editor in Kankabee,
 Once falling in a burning passion
 With a vexatious rival, he
 Wrote a letter in this fashion:
 "You are an ass uncouth and rude,
 And will be one eternally."
 Then in an absent-minded mood
 He signed it, "Yours fraternally."

She who wants to avoid trouble never (Mrs) it.

* * *

K.K.K. (coming home from banquet and remembering unfinished homework)—Which do you consider the most troublesome of the personal pronouns?

S.B.A.—She.

CADET NEWS

Since the publication of the "Bugle" in 1927 the boys of the Cadet Corps have won many prizes in shooting. First of all, quite unexpectedly they won for the second year in succession the "Martin" Trophy for the Inter-Schools Provincial championship, at the Annual Rifle Meet last July. At the same "meet" Carl Iddiols won the Junior Individual championship, also a medal and five dollars. Carl also won the Junior championship in the Calgary Inter-High School Competition a few weeks before, and only just missed winning a place on the Alberta Rifle team visiting Ottawa and Toronto last August, in spite of its being his first year.

John Stirling and Charlie Sherwood, both of Crescent Heights, won their places on the Alberta team and did quite well, enjoying the trip very much.

Major Miller complimented the Cadet Corps very highly at the last inspection on their good work and smart appearance.

Canadian Rifle League Scores, January, February and March, 1928:

Senior—C. Iddiols 292, E. Kaiser 289, A. Tullock 285, H. Mills 283, J. Harvey 280.

Junior—D. Powell 293, S. McLeod 289, J. W. Lewis 285, J. McDougall 285, J. Forsey 279, B. Hamilton 278, H. McBride 278, E. Lowick 275, S. Gilbert 272, R. Standerwick 272, L. Phelps 265, A. Cook 264.

All the above-mentioned boys won C.R.L. Medals.

Dwight Powell had the honor of making the highest score among the Juniors and therefore wins a Gold Medal, as well as the "Best Shot" Badge for Juniors. Carl Iddiols just missed doing the same thing among the Seniors, by one point; he, however, wins the "Best Shot" Badge for Seniors in Crescent Heights High School.

Alberta Strathcona, Class A. Leading Scores:

Seniors—C. Iddiols 296, A. Tullock 292, H. Mills 289, E. Kaiser 284, J. Harvey 280.

Juniors—B. Hamilton 292, H. McBride 289, J. Lewis 289, D. Powell 285, S. McLeod 283.

Carl Iddiols tied with J. Haslam of Central High School for highest score in the province; both win a Championship Medal.

Dominion Marksmen's Club:

Gold Ring—Carl Iddiols; Gold Pins—E. Lowick, J. Lewis, and J. Harvey.

Silver Pins—E. Lowick, C. England, J. Harvey, R. Claxton, R. King, W. Madryga, and J. Petley.

Bronze Pins—A. Millican, H. Riley, J. Petley, J. Harvey, S. Gilbert, R. Standerwick, L. Phelps, R. Nixdorff, W. Good, R. King, W. Davidson, W. Madryga.

Signalling Certificates:

J. Cape, S. Gilbert, S. McLeod, and L. Phelps, all were successful in passing their signalling examinations and will receive certificates to that effect together with bonuses of five dollars.

CAPT. A. H. FERGUSON, Cadet Instructor.

OTHER ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

This article, though supposed to be a summary of our athletic feats, defeats and close decisions, will deal with a certain amount of sport news that has been neglected. These last few sports were not sponsored by any particular association, but it is only fair to give them an honorable mention. One of the most important of these are the indoor baseball games that were played in XIIB at various times. The contestants usually represented XIIA and XIIB, although XIIB was always the playing field. The missiles to be hurled were supplied by Doug. Thornton, who thoughtfully allowed us the use of his boxing gloves for that purpose. The games were always prematurely ended by the untimely entrances of Miss Wylie. However, we owe her a vote of thanks for breaking up the series in time to keep the plaster on the walls and the lighting fixtures intact.

Aquatic sports also held a popular place for a few days after the "million dollar" rain which successfully evaded the interference provided by the roof and partly flooded the upper hall. This novel sport was organized among the "men" by Claxton, Whitney, Robbie and Thornton and among the weaker sex by Floy Van Orsdall, Beth Scott and Winnie Smith, all of whom I believe are "sons and daughters of the soil."

They were doubtlessly feeling a bit frisky after the big rain and the increased prospects of a bumper crop, so should not be utterly condemned. The game consisted of playfully pushing each other into the water and though it did not require a great deal of deep thinking, "a good time was had by all."



XIC

Vera Cross belies her name,
Her cheery nature's always the same.

Phyllis Ethridge is trying to sponsor
The ultra of fashion in curling her tonsor.

Beth Hector wonders why in the world
Her hair unlike Max's has to be curled.

She's a nice little girl—this Elsie Healy
And studies at times—She does that—really.

Irma Luck enjoys her name,
Her brother, "Imin," does the same.

A brilliant girl is Eleanor Jennejohn,
Her brains would fill a gallon demijohn.

Rosie Reid is quite demure,
But she's a nice girl to be sure.

A quiet girl is Nola Schooley,
She's always quiet—never unruly.

Phyllis Rogers, our swimming star,
Is looking for a fish with a ten cent cigar.

Bessie Weart is our artist elite,
The damsels, she sketches, like her, are just right.

Margaret Weart possesses a smile,
That boys will run to for over a mile.

Daisy Woolsey has really a gift
In history questions for getting the drift.

You're sure of a smile from Alberta Nichols,
There's something about her that really tickles.

Helen Stevenson we know
Is one of the best little girls that grow.

Doug. Cumbers—Student down to the ground,
Studying mostly will be found.

School to Hugh Christie is quite a lark,
He's one of the favorites in French with Miss Clark.

Stanley Ferguson begins to know
The meaning of the verb "Amo."

Mr. Ferguson says to a certain lad,
"Now Walter Good, that is very bad."

Allan Gordon is in quite a fix,
The teachers have always his name in a mix.

Max Hector's so quiet he'll hardly speak,
He's a direct descendant of Hector the Greek.

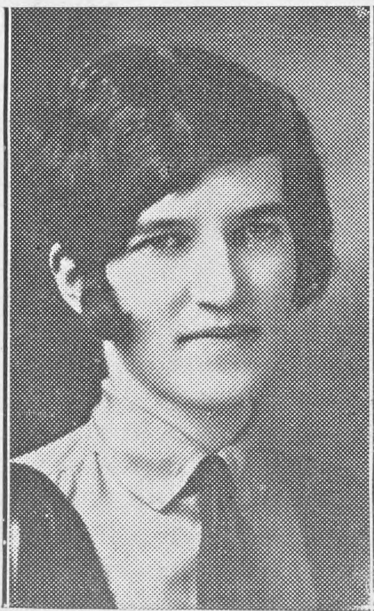
Hamilton says his name is Ben,
To which we say, "jest ben when?"

Edward James will pass French we think
Because of the way he spatters his ink.

We now usher in the Macs and the Mics,
The part of them Scotchmen, the rest of them hicks.

We'll start with McCalla, who really knows lots,
Bill argues his grammar daily with Watts.

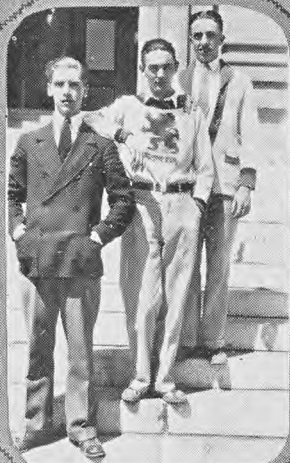
Bill McKinley has suffered a parting,
His collar-bone's knit but it's still smarting.



Won Trip to Los Angeles

Miss Wilma McBride commenced typewriting at the Garbutt College last August. In the Championship Typewriting Contest held last month, she won the Novice Provincial Championship, writing at a speed of 63 words per minute. In October next she will represent Alberta in the World's School Championship Contest at Los Angeles.

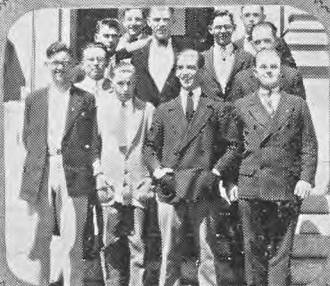
**Garbutt's Business
College**



BOYS
ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE



GAMMA PHI



THE SAPS



GIRLS
ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE



HIGH HONOR ROLL 1928



S. B. A.

THE
SPOT
LIGHT

JOKES

Thornton (the hod-carrier)—“Sure am fooling the boss today; been carrying the same bricks all morning.”

* * *

Arnold—“I just bought a banjo for ten bucks.”

Smith—“Must be a tenor, eh?”

* * *

Joe Taylor—“Say, Cully, you’ve sure got a big mouth.”

Cully Wilson—“That’s no key-hole in front of your face.”

* * *

Salesman—“Could I sell you a patent vacuum cleaner?”

Connie Carter—“We don’t keep a vacuum here.”

* * *

Wally Smith—“The engine seems to be missing.”

Marjorie—“Oh, never mind, it doesn’t show.”

* * *

Jean Simpson—“I thought you were coming over to fix my door bell?”

Alex McIntosh—“I did go over, but as I rang three times and got no answer I thought there was nobody home.”

* * *

Thornton—“What are you writing such a big hand for?”

Glen Robbie—Well, you see my grandmother is deaf and I’m writing her a loud letter.”

* * *

Arnold—“Who gave you the black eye?”

Riley—“Nobody, I had to fight for it.”

* * *

Father—“Isn’t that George Scott a rather fast young fellow?”

Vera Gully—“Yes, but I don’t think he’ll get away.”

* * *

Guide—“This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest waterfall in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment you will hear the thunder of the waters.”

* * *

Try flirting with a good-looking blonde if you think “cold and fair” always means a weather report.

JUST SUPPOSE :

Phil McVeigh has his Algebra done.
Bill McCalla agrees with Mr. Watts.
Gordon Lock leaves the windows down.
Beth Scott did her 20 hours per week.
Myrtle Paull answers a question in Chemistry.
Arthur Cook wakes up.
Nan Armstrong is invited to remain after four.
Miss Todd gives us a spare.
Mr. Brecken is perfectly serious all day.
Mr. Riley makes the composition class debate.
Scotty is expelled from a spare for reading Paradise Lost.
Win Arlidge knows his memory work.
Miss McKellar receives a box of candy from XIA.
Aaron Malkin remembered to come to school and even brought his composition.
Mr. Ferguson gave us a spare without a class question.
The inspector announced that we could have a holiday if we wished, but we declined.
Nobody has lost a fountain pen now for over a week.
Mary Trenaman wishes we didn't have holidays.
Jack Lewis was caught excuse-less.
Tom Logie blushed when he told a lie.
IXE has chosen a motto : Work like Helen B. Happy.
Frank Meston has cut his wisdom teeth.
Leslie Phelps is growing like a weed.
Bill Parker broke the record in the long jumps, but only came second.
As XIC has been found to sometimes come to life between periods in an amazing fashion, Mr. Watts had transferred the entire class to XD.
McIntosh has finally learned to write with his nose.
McAlpine has won a fine prize for penmanship.
McCannell has at last got a safety-valve on his hair oil bottle.
The Department of Education has decided to abolish all exams this year, ——— oh, I mean to say, rather ——— all copies of the 1928 exam papers have been completely demolished by fire!! ??

"No one could possibly swim ashore from here without being swallowed by sharks," said the American, as they stood on a steamer's deck. "I can," said an Englishman, and he did. "How on earth did you do it?" said the American, upon his landing safely.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "I painted on one side of me the stars and stripes and on the other side of me 'we won the war', and no shark could swallow that."

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPH

A Temper Tester

Did you ever have the cake of soap evade you in the basin, when you were in a hurry? You will perhaps grab it in your haste, only to have it glide out as a fish in the water. Again you hastily snatch it up, determined this time to hold it tightly. You squeeze it hard to let it know you mean to make it stay still, when all of a sudden it shoots out of your hands as though propelled by dynamite or possessed with an evil spirit, strikes the ceiling above you and drops, to your utter disgust, down your back. Having rescued it from this undesirable position, you again set out to hold it. Again it slips away, you hear it fall somewhere, and while you are looking for it you suddenly slip on something, which you discover is the soap. Desperate, as you see the soap on the floor in front of you, you determine to use strategy to capture this slippery object. Cautiously, so as not to let the soap see you, you pick up your towel and pretend to walk out. But as you pass the soap, you suddenly throw your towel over it and hold it tight, and there you have it. Now you can begin all over again, and if you are still in a cheerful frame of mind I would say your disposition was angelic.

AGNES ERITSLAND, XIII.

Bringing home the bacon
 Was once a standard joke,
 Take home a couple of pounds to-day,
 And see how near you're broke.

* * *

Johnny Jones, a village boy,
 Liked to have a frolic,
 Kissed a flapper on the lips
 And died of painters' colic.

* * *

A student boarded the 9 o'clock car,
 No seats were vacant, or straps
 And as they hit the different curves,
 She sat on different laps.

The bridge once crossed, the curves grew worse
 And someone asked with a smile
 Of a passenger on the other side,
 "How many laps to the mile?"



THE BANQUET

This annual event, waited for impatiently by the student body, was finally held on March 16th, instead of in the fall as in previous years. Shortly after six p.m. the upper hall of the Bible Institute began to show a dazzling color scheme due to the flaunting banners of various groups, such as the K.K.K., S.B.A., etc. Shortly thereafter the assembly trooped down to the tables and found their respective seats amid orderly confusion.

For 1½ minutes, absolute silence reigned, broken only by the clink of silverware and the awed whispers of the K.K.K. Suddenly bedlam arose directly in front of the guests' table, for the S.B.A. were trying to yell and drink coffee at once. Delighted with the effect, the K.K.K. imitated them, and the usual procedure of antagonism was followed.

Then after coffee the toasts began. And of the speakers of the evening, Dr. Scott was especially enjoyed by the students, as he gave considerable information about our new residence to be.

One especially pleasing event was the presentation of diplomas to those who passed their Grade XI examinations last year.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the assembly broke up and the old antagonists, the K.K.K. and S.B.A., paired off to go home or(?)

Nevertheless the entire student body was greatly pleased with the event and greatly appreciate the efforts of the P.T.A., which made this event possible.

THE K.K.K.

This honorable assembly of Crescent's choicest wit, beauty and intelligence here officially record their debut into society, that important event taking place on the day of our Banquet, 1928. Forty-five in number, we graced the board, our dignity and charm accentuating the more the coarseness and commonness of the satisfied Bachelors Association. "Satisfied" indeed! One fleeting glance clearly showed their state of satisfaction came from necessity. (We believe the Editor was of this motley crew and herewith challenge him to print this). However, the K.K.K. did agree with them when they gave their yell "Bachelors! Bachelors! Raw! Raw! Raw!"

This same group of boys has brought forth the following ditty, and we, as authors of such, say that if it is criticized as not being exactly inspiring, it is because the subject was even less so. Taking into consideration the cause of the poem, it is not surprising that it is written in unheroic couplet:

"Sweetly (?) sing the bachelors
Going out to dine
If we do not feed them
We will hear them whine:
'A wife! a wife! we want a wife! a wife!'"

This rhyme is based upon the actual experience of more than one K.K.K. member, for, immediately after the banquet, bachelors forgot or disregarded their open avowal of single-blessedness and cringingly confessed their incompetence to carry on alone, in action, if not in word. So, after all is said and little is done by these creatures, we must take them as we find them—bluffers.

KATHLEEN McDUGALL, President.

THE S.B.A.

Tut, tut, Miss McDougall! You have committed a crime against your sex. You have provided lawful opportunity for a male to have the last word. I accept your challenge. Here is mine to you. I challenge you to deny that our society is much superior to yours, in respect to age, for, whereas your's is only now making your debut in society, ours has existed for countless years. I challenge the originality of your organization for is it not remarkably similar to ours, which was a previous organization?

Know then, Klan of Kute Kunning Kids, the articles of our constitution—Item 1 of Article C.H., Clause C1, states that "The S.B.A. is merely a protective alliance formed by the boys, to function on special occasions, notably the School Banquet, when we want to enjoy ourselves thoroughly." Item 28 of Article C.H., Clause C1 provides fully for the actions of members, following the conclusion of the occasion, in order that there be no cases of suicide among those of the opposite sex.

The President of the K.K.K. is apparently laboring under a delusion as to our yells. Although we had none such as she suggests, a very interpretive one was:

Bachelors! Bachelors!
Sitting on the fence!
Trying to show the K.K.K.
A little kommon sense!

—W.C.E.

MOTHER AND GIRLS' SOCIAL

One of the most interesting events for the Senior girls this term was our drill display and social, put on by the Grade XI and XA girls, under the able supervision of Miss Clark. Miss Clark gave the idea to the girls and by the excellent co-operation between leader and girls, a very pleasant afternoon was spent by the mothers.

The actual drill was varied and interesting. It began with marching in complicated patterns around the room. This was followed by a wand drill, which was done without fault. Numerous exercises followed this drill, the girls continuing to show their physical abilities. A short dance was one of the best numbers and was enjoyed by both mothers and girls. Several games were played at the end of the drill in which much excitement and amusement prevailed. This ended the display, but one of the best features was yet to come.

In a few minutes the floor was filled with numerous tables, and refreshments, provided by the girls, were served. During the luncheon a group of the girls in Irish costume danced the Irish Lilt, and by the applause given them, it proved a fine success. To strike a happy medium, this was followed by the Highland Schottische which was also amusing. With good-will and appreciation the mothers left the school convinced that their daughters were future Pavlowas (?)

Both the girls and Miss Clark are to be congratulated for their ability to give our mothers such an entertaining afternoon.

DAISY WRAY.

Mabel—"What's worrying you, Dave, dear?"

Country Shiek—"I was just wondering if Dad would be sport enough to do the milkin' when we're on our honeymoon, s'posin' you said 'yes' if I asked you."

* * *

Myrtle Paull—"Haven't I met you somewhere before?"

J. Ford—"Dunno, but your face tastes familiar."

BOX SOCIAL

The social functions commenced much later this year, but better late than never, the Box Social or Auction Luncheon was held on February 14, under the auspices of the Girls' Athletic, who supplied delicious lunches done up in handsome Valentine boxes, while the Boys' Athletic supplied the remaining necessities.

With the surprising vivacity of the young auctioneers and the eager willingness of the bidders, the social progressed gayly during the noon-hour. After lunch a few musical selections were rendered, followed by two contests, an original poem, and a word contest, which showed, so as to speak, the keen intellects of the competitors.

On the whole the social was a great success from all points of view, and we certainly appreciate the interest taken by all.

CARNIVAL

One of the gayest events of the social season, this winter, was the Annual Masquerade Carnival, held at the Arena, on Valentine's night, when the students turned out en masse, to enjoy an evening of good sport.

Although there were not a great number of masqueraders, those who did mask, were exceptionally good. The winners of prizes provided by the P.T.A. were as follows:

School Colors—Ralph Claxton and Colleen Holmwood (couple).

Historical—1, Eleanor Jennejohn; 2, Marjorie Lietch.

Boys' Comic—1, Bert Austin; 2, Donald MacLeod.

Girls' Comic—The Gold Dust Twins—Kathleen Bell and Margaret Sharman.

Dumb—"I heard your old man died of hard drink."

Dora—"Yes, poor fellow, a cake of ice fell on his head."

* * *

Mr. Brecken—"Allan, your mouth is open."

Allan—"Yes, I know, I left it open."

 THE SCIENCE CLUB PICNIC

The picnic call of the Science Club, "Bring 25c and a cup," was the cause of about thirty students, plus Mr. Brecken, plus Mr. Watts, turning out in cars supplied by several of the students and teachers. The company proceeded to Weasel-Head to indulge in a spirited game of soft-ball played beneath the frowning cliffs of the river. Several things were learned by the picnickers there, namely—(1) Mosquitoes are not strictly vegetarian; (2) The odor of burning hot-dogs is conducive(?) to an appetite; (3) The presence of teachers does not always detract from the event.

After some silly sense and wise nonsense the boys washed the dishes by throwing them into the river, and presently the antiquated Rolls-Royce conveyed some of the picnickers home to the car-line. Those present appreciate the efforts of Mr. Brecken and Mr. Watts and hope they are treated to some more of the same at an early date (not in school). May I add that this illustrious event was held between 4 p.m. and (?) on Friday, May 18th. We were disappointed in one thing—We saw no weasels.

He failed in Latin, flunked in French,
 We heard him softly hiss,
 "I'd like to find the guy who said
 That ignorance is bliss."

LIST OF PRIZES

Cover Design—

M. McCallum, XIB.

Best Cartoon—

M. McCallum, XIB.
Thurza Luck, IXE.

Literary—

Stories :

Catherine Barclay, XD.
Walter Smith, XIIB.
Daisy Wray, XIA.

Poems :

Murray MacLean, XIC.

Humorous—

Paragraphs :

N. Jennejohn, XIIB.
C. England, XIIA.

Poems :

Dick Standerwick, XIA.
Nan Armstrong, IXE.
Jack Lewis, XA.

Jokes :

C. England, XIIA.
A. Tulloch, XIIA.
A. Jones, XIA.

Class Writeups—

P. McVeigh, XIIB.
K. McDougal, XIIA.
D. Wray, XIA.
M. McLean, XIC.
N. Jennejohn, XIIB.
S. 'Red' Knight, IXE.
Lewis and McBride, XA.

Honorable Mention—

Cover Design :

Thurza Luck.

Humorous Paragraphs :

Harriet Asselstine.
Blanche Levoie.

Class Writeups :

Dorothy Henderson.
Colleen Holmwood.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR NEXT YEAR

This year's Editor, being a man of resourcefulness, has started the "Bugle" upon a new period in its history, by introducing an Exchange Department. I know not how former Editors have been able to work without it, for really it has been an ever-great source of inspiration to us this year. It has made it possible for us to measure ourselves against the outside world and discover new needs of growth. It is our Literary Section, we find, which, in the light of this scrutiny, is found most seriously lacking. Next year we must have more contributions for this department, descriptions, narratives, biographies, poems, of as high a quality as our students can produce. We do not wish to make this column so long that it will seem tiring, but we do want it good enough to give tone to our year book and to bring credit to our school. Therefore, kind readers, be diligent in recording your inspirations in your diaries, and be ardent in courting the muses so that your pen will be ready to flow in rhythmic rapture at the bidding of next year's Editor.—M.A.C.

A. J. Harrison & Herbert J. Akitt

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MacLean.

Hoots-toots! Here's McCalla, and then the McCunes.

What ho! The McKinley's appear.

Ye shades of McDuffer, with our Macs and Mcs, we're all Scotch or
Irish in here.

MURRAY MACLEAN, XIC.

Carlyle England, a young gent of note,
Thought writing in everyone's scope
He'd take off his coat
And he'd punch and he'd poke
The guy who dared answer him nope.

—One of the Eds.

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TO BE TIED OUTSIDE

Oh, some may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, cream or mauve,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a red-hot kitchen stove.

The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild,
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,
But I want my neckties WILD!

Oh, give me a wild tie brother—
One with a cosmic urge—
A tie that will swear and rip and tear
When it sees my old blue serge.

Oh, some may say that a gent's cravat
Should only be seen, not heard,
I want a tie that will make men cry
And render their vision blurred.

I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
It will take three men to tie it;
If such there be, show it to me,
Whatever the price I'll buy it.

Oh, give me a WILD tie, brother,
One with a lot of sins—
A tie that will blaze in a hectic gaze
Down where the vest begins.

—Exchange.

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DREAMS

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 The funniest dreams you could think of
 Just seemed to come into my head.

I dreamt that in Algebra period
 Some questions were put before me,
 And I answered them right, just imagine!
 As calm and as quick as could be.

And then when French came before me,
 My book I really had brought,
 My translations I wrote out correctly,
 And not once through the period I talked.

I had every bit of my art done,
 And Miss Todd to me gave eighty-eight;
 In Comp. I was ready for oral,
 In History I knew every date.

I had every bit of my art done,
 My Science and Algebra too,
 I knew all my Geometry prop' sitions
 That's goin' some, I'm tellin' you.

Now you can imagine my sorrow,
 When I had awakened and seen
 That all of these wonderful happenings,
 Had only been in a dream.

I found I'd forgotten my History,
 My French and my Algebra too,
 I had left out my Comp. and my Science,
 And had ten Art pieces to do.

But still I have one consolation,
 And it's really a comfort too,
 To imagine how clever I would be,
 If my dreams would only come true.

NAN ARMSTRONG, IXE.

We Are All Thinking of Exams, So Here is a Key to Success:

"Push," said the button.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Study History," said Mr. Ferguson. And strange to say we have all taken his advice.—Ex.

* * *

Motto for March—

"Right, left, right!"

But of that bereft

Motto for June—

"Write, write ——— left!"

* * *

English, As It is Writ in XIC

To whom it may concern:

Both sides of our parents are old and poor.

As I need his assistance to keep me inclosed.

Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children.

You have taken my man away to jail, and he is the best I ever had—Who is going to keep me if he don't?

Please send my elopement. I have a little boy and knead it every day. I ain't got no book lurning and write for inffammation.

* * *

Heard Just Before Examinations

Caesar's dead and buried

So is Cicero;

And where these two old men have gone,

I wish their works would go.

* * *

**"How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key
Wherewith we decipher the whole man!"**

* * *

Somewhere, in desolate, wind-swept space,

In twilight land, in no man's land;

Two hurrying shapes met face to face

And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,

Shuddering in the glimmering light;

"I know not," said the second shape,

"I only died last night."

EXCHANGES

"Maybe you think it's easy
 Maybe you think it's hard,
 But writing exchanges
 Is some job, pard."

This is a new department which we hope will flourish in our paper. We exchange a copy of our Bugle with other schools and also comment on theirs. This department is the medium through which we will receive our most valuable criticism. A separate editor for the Exchanges would be a great improvement for next year.

"The Hermes"—Humberside Collegiate Institute, Toronto. A very good school book with plenty of school news and a good literary section. One of the most suitable verses we have come across is:

He was only a geography teacher,
 But, oh, what a map he had.

"The Chinook"—Mount Royal College. For a school the size of yours you have made a wonderful showing. Here's hoping you continue.

"The Magnet"—Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Congratulations on your paper. You have quite an extensive literary section.

"Acta Ludi"—Oshawa Collegiate Institute, Oshawa, Ont. The best exchange we have yet received. Your pictures are exceptionally good.

Miss McKellar (pointing to pencil shavings under desk—"What are those little things under your desk?")

Norman Jennejohn (blushing)—"My feet, Miss."

"Hello"—Brantford C.I., Brantford, Ontario. We consider your magazine very good. It is well illustrated, the departments are nicely handled, and the write-ups of school news and sports are interesting.

"The Hermes"—Nutana Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon. Your book is rather small and we would suggest that you cut down the literary section somewhat and put in some more school news.

"The Northland Echo"—North Bay, Ontario. Welcome to our exchange! Your magazine contains some very original ideas and is well illustrated with pictures that are different.

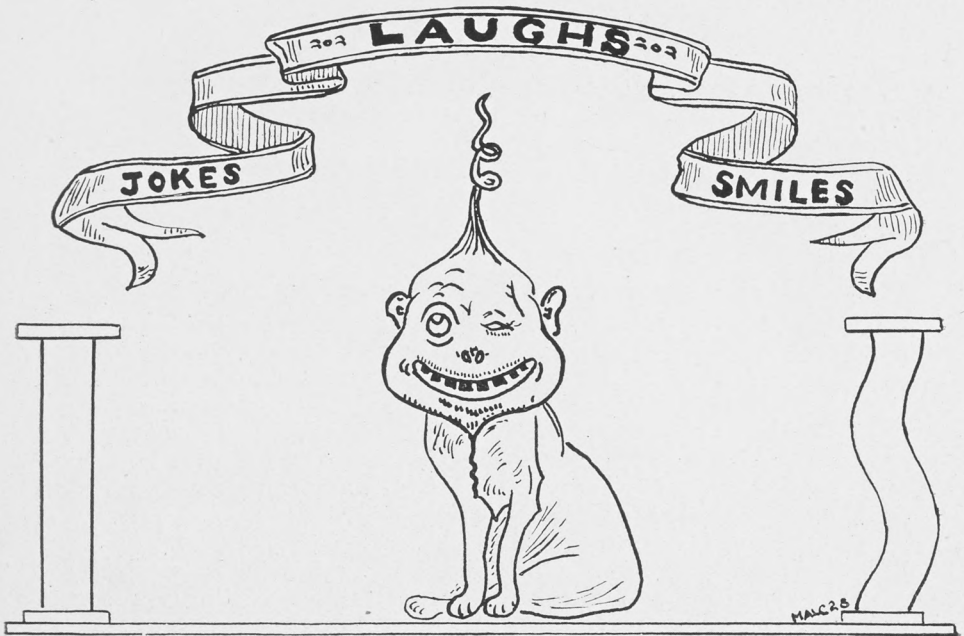
"The Collegiate"—Sarnia, Ontario. One of our best exchanges to date. We appreciate your cover design and pictures. We also enjoyed your humor immensely. How do you like this one, fellows:

Ralph—"That was the most unkindest cut of all."

Bill—"What was that?"

Ralph—"I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist?'"

We will also hear from several schools whose paper is not published until after ours, whom we will acknowledge next year.



WIT AND HUMOR

Now gang, forget your worry and strife,
 We come to the lighter vein of life,
 You're here to enjoy our would-be mirth-makers,
 Here's hoping your sides are a couple of acres (achers).
 Take it all in good fun if there's a joke on you,
 Because if you don't, folks 'll think that its true.

Again if your contribution's not here,
 Don't fly off the handle or shed a tear,
 It will soon to you appear quite clear,
 The Editor hogged it, 'twas so dear.

—Amen.

* * *

In the spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to June exams.
 Then beneath his midnight taper,
 He crams and crams and crams and crams.

* * *

A Matter of Opinion

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
 Methinks the poet would have changed his mind
 If, turning in a crowd he chanced to find
 A fellow feeling in his coat behind.

HOW TO MOW A LAWN

Here as in most things the first step is towards the subject—the lawn. Approach it carefully, noting the varieties of dandelion and other noxious weeds. In case you sink over the tops of your Oxfords in the grass, walk on tip toes. Measure the height of the grass. Should it exceed $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches, return to the house and take physical culture exercises for 13 5-14 minutes. Before you do so, however, turn the hose on the lawn, a fine spray thrown high in the air. This has the effect of making the grass stand up straight, and renders it pliable instead of stiff and awkward.

The next turn in the delicate procedure is the mower. Drag it out from the garbage and turn it over. Oil the wheels with Ivory soap—it floats. Polish the spokes of the wheels carefully, as this will attract the grass and bend it forward, making it more difficult to cut. Take the rust off the wooden handle with Gillette's Lye, applied a spoonful at a time and rubbed briskly with the open hand.

To sharpen the blades of the mower, hold the blade firmly between the thumb and finger of the right hand, turn the mower on end, grasp the axe firmly with the right hand, (if left-handed reverse the order) and run the edge swiftly and skilfully down the edge of the mower blade. N.B.—To do this skilfully requires long practice, and no one ever becomes perfect in the art. Repeat this operation until you cut your finger with the axe, when the mower blade will be found to be perfectly sharp.

Next, remove the mower to the lawn. Before attempting to cut any grass, stand on your head till you regain your balance. Reverse position, and grasp lawn mower firmly by the horns. Leave the hose still running, as it will keep you cool.

Before cutting, remove all flower beds and plants contained therein, out of harm's way.

All this is merely preparation. Proceed with the actual cutting as you have always done.

If this does not produce an appetite, eat Fleishman's Yeast, before retiring.

Cu. in XIIB.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

When Cicero delivered his oration, he was a prefix.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Saliva over Vesuvius.

The government of England is a limited mockery.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

The alimentary canal is located in Northern Indiana.

A mountain range is a very large cook stove.

Scene I—Frost (to Soph.)—"Say, there's something preying on my mind."my mind."

Soph. (consolingly)—"Never mind, it'll soon starve."

Scene II—"What you don't know won't hurt you."

Soph's father (soliloquizing)—"Then that boy of mine is immune from all harm."

* * *

"Silence is golden, you know."

"Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."

* * *

"This school certainly takes an interest in a fellow, don't it."

"How's that?"

"Well, here it reads, that they would be very glad to hear of the death of any of their alumni."

* * *

Parker—What was the name of the dame I saw you with last night?

Taylor—Anne Howe.

* * *

Willie—Naw that dentist you sent me to, that was advertised as painless, wasn't

Mother—He wasn't?

Willie—Naw! I bit his finger and he howled like any other dentist.

* * *

Myrtle Paull (absent day before)—What did you do in chemistry yesterday, Mayme?

Mayme LeBeau—We did experiments with sulphuric acid.

Myrtle—What were the results?

Mayme—Two holes in my dress and a headache.

Thornton—I can't help admiring her ultra- violet beauty.

McVeigh—You're getting poetic—but what does it mean.

Thornton—She ain't got some.

* * *

Mr. Brecken (in review)—Are there any questions you would like to have discussed?

Riley (expecting to study law)—I would like to know how Boyle's law is enforced.

Voice from the rear—Apply a little pressure.

* * *

Ivan—Is that washer the salesman from America sold you any good?

Mrs. Ivanitch—No, everything is all right until I get in it, and then the paddles knock me off my feet.

* * *

Issac—oi, oi! Der vedding invitation says R.S.V.P. Vat does dat mean?

Jacob—Ach, such ignorance! Dot means to bring Real Silver Vedding Presents.

* * *

At a Scotch water-ing place Macpherson was stretched out in a contented mood upon the sand puffing his old pipe.

"Come on, Mac," said his companion, "let's go for a sail."

"Na, na," replied Macpherson, "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm no takin' any risks."

* * *

When macaroni grows on ice-cream trees
 When Sahara sands are muddy,
 When cats and dogs wear over'-shoes—
 That's when I'd like to study.

MAKING MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it is just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good night!

* * *

Freshman—"How long can a person live without brains?"

Sophomore—"I don't know. How old are you?"

* * *

Nan Armstrong—"What do you consider a finished rugby player?"

Bill Parker—"One that is croaked."

* * *

Ed. of Athletics—"Great shades of sour sausages! I forgot a wise crack about the Junior-Soph. game."

Ed. of Girls' Sports—"Spill it."

Ed.—"There was a certain Junior who had in his hip pocket a compact from the Z.K.R. dance and could not tackle for fear of soiling it."

* * *

A large amount of bloomers,

A large amount of heat,

A very dirty middy,

And hair that is not neat.

A pair of rubber booties,

A scratch right on the nose

And oh, my goodness gracious,

What awful 'holey' hose!

A bavy and then a tumble,

A shriek and then a fall—

These all merely go to prove that

We've been playing basket ball!

* * *

Calgary Cop—Could you tell me the number of the clupits car?

Mr. Asselstine—Well I've forgotten it now but I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by forty-one, the cube root of the product would equal the sum of the digits reversed,

"chinook."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Never throw away old doughnuts, they make good napkin rinks.
Dandruff may be removed from the head with an old horse-radish grater.

A coat of shellac on the bottom of a cherry pie will keep the juice from running out.

Never open soft-boiled-eggs with a can opener.

* * *

"Haec in Galliam importum est."—Hike.

Into Gaul—it's important.

"Caesar sic dicat unde cur aggressi lictum."

Caesar sicked the cat on the cur; I guess he licked 'im.

Nota bene—Not a bean (i.e., no money).

"Boni legis Coesaris"—the bony legs of Caesar.

"Passus sum jam"—Pass us some jam.

* * *

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial
And after a while,
They found two front teeth and a cuff.

* * *

"There was a young girl in a college,

Who thirty-one languages knew;

With one pair of lungs

She worked thirty-two tongues;

I don't wonder she's single, do you?"

* * *

He called her Lily, Violet and Rose,

And every flower of spring

She said, "I can't be all of those,

You Lilac everything.

It's easy enough to be pleasant

When your automobile's in trim,

But the man that's worth while

Is the man that can smile

When he has to ride home on the rim.

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JUSTICE

It had been a beautiful day, from early morn until late afternoon. The wealth of foliage along the Kentish lanes cast long shadows across the level roads as evening began to fall into cool and peaceful twilight.

Along one of these winding roads the discordant "hoot" of a motor-horn sounded on the stillness and a luxurious motor car swerved past with tremendous speed. In a moment it disappeared in a cloud of white dust, and once more, silence reigned.

That evening, farther along the same road, great excitement was found in a small inn. The same automobile had broken down near the tavern and the driver was staying there for the night. It had been driven by a Lord Wrotham, and by his haughty insolent manners he had roused the dislike of the country-folk.

As the overbearing aristocrat leaned against the counter confidentially talking to the two daughters of the hostess in the most arrogant way, suddenly a tall shadowy form darkened the open doorway, and a man entered, carrying in his arms a small oblong bundle, covered with a piece of rough horsecloth. Placing his burden down on a vacant bench, he pushed his cap from his brows and stared wildly about him. Everyone looked at him,—some with recognition, others in alarm,—for it was the gypsy leader, Tom o' the Gleam.

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Tom o' the Gleam—Tom with his clothes torn and covered with dust,—Tom, changed suddenly to a haggard and terrible unlikeness of himself,—Tom with such an expression of dazed and stupid horror in his eyes as to give the impression that he was heavily intoxicated and dangerous.

Having been given the brandy he asked for, he drank it slowly, and pushing his cap further off his brows, turned his dark eyes, full of smouldering fire, upon Lord Wrotham, who was talking to one of the girls, Grace.

Upon the girl being called away by the anxious mother, Tom o' the Gleam stirred slightly from his hitherto rigid attitude. The little brandy he had taken had brought back a tinge of color to his face and deepened the sparkle of fire in his eyes.

"Good roads for motoring about here!" he said.

Lord Wrotham looked up,—then measuring the great height, muscular build, and commanding appearance of the speaker, nodded affably.

"First-rate!" he replied, "not half a second's stop all the way. We were racing from London to Land's End—but we took the wrong turning just before we came to Cleeve"

"Oh! Took a wrong turning, did you?" And Tom leaned a little forward as though to hear more accurately. His face had grown deadly pale again and he breathed quickly.

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"Yes. We found ourselves quite close to Cleeve Abbey, but we didn't stop to see old ruins this time, you bet! We just tore down the first lane we saw running back into the highroad,—a pretty steep bit of ground too—and, by Jove!—didn't we whizz round the corner at the bottom! That was a near shave, I can tell you!"

"Ay, Ay!" said Tom slowly, listening with an air of profound interest. "You've got a smart chauffeur, no doubt!"

"No chauffeur at all!" declared Wrotham's travelling companion. "His lordship drives his car himself."

There followed an odd silence. All the customers in the room, drinking and eating as many of them were, seemed to be under a dumb spell. Tom o' the Gleam's presence seemed to hold them under a kind of fascination, impelling them to watch with strained attention the dark shape, moulded with such hurculean symmetry, which seemed to command and subdue the very air that gave it force and sustenance.

"His lordship drives the car himself," echoed Tom, and a curious smile parted his lips, showing an almost sinister gleam of white teeth, then, bringing his sombre glance to bear slowly down on Wrotham's insignificant form, he continued,—*"Are you his lordship?"*

Wrotham nodded with a careless condescension.

"And you drive your car yourself!" proceeded Tom,—*"you must have good nerve and a keen eye!"*

"Oh well!" and Wrotham laughed airily—*"Pretty much so!—but I won't boast!"*

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 We launch out into the blue
 With our own, **not others**, full.

POSITIONS in this world are gained
 By knowledge that we **use**.
 That is why A. Dash is famed
 In repairing of your shoes.

"Have you ever had any accidents on the road?"

"Accidents?" Lord Wrotham put up an eyeglass. "Accidents? What do you mean?"

"What I say!" And Tom gave a sudden loud laugh,—a laugh that made the hostess at the bar start nervously, while many of the men exchanged uneasy glances. "Haven't you ever been thrown out, upset, or otherwise involved in mischief?"

Lord Wrotham smiled, "Never!" he said, "I'm too fond of my own life to run any risk of losing it. Other people's lives don't matter much, but mine is precious!"

Tom o' the Gleam moved a step or two nearer Wrotham. "You're a lucky lord. But you don't mean to tell me while you're pounding along at full speed, you've never knocked down an old man or woman, never run over a dog,—or a child?"

"Oh, well, if you mean that sort of thing!" murmured Wrotham, "Of course! We're always running over something or other. Really it's half the fun!"

No one laughed in response, and no one spoke.

"Now, take that child today, for instance. What an absolute little idiot! Gathering wild thyme and the car going full speed! No wonder we knocked it over!"

The hostess of the inn looked up quickly. "I hope it was not hurt?" she said.

"Oh dear no!" answered Lord Wrotham lightly. "It just fell back and turned a somersault in the grass,—evidently enjoying itself."

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Tom o' the Gleam stared fixedly at him. Presently, with an effort he found his voice.

"Are you—quite—sure—the child was all right?"

"Sure?" And Wrotham threw him a supercilious glance. "Of course I'm sure! It was a mere beggar's brat anyhow—there are too many of such little wretches running loose about the roads—regular nuisances—a few might be run over with advantage—Hullo! What's the matter? Keep your distance please!" For Tom suddenly threw up his clenched fists with an inarticulate cry of rage, and now leaped



— The —

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toward Wrotham in an attitude of a wild beast springing on its prey. "Hands off! Hands off I say! Someone get hold of this fellow! He's mad!"

Before any man could move to his assistance Tom hurled him down on the ground and with appalling swiftness plunged a glittering dagger.

Piercing screams from the women, groans and cries from the men filled the air, and the lately peaceful scene was changed to one of maddening confusion. As several men drew the gypsy away, Wrotham fell back on the floor, stone dead.

Two sturdy constables presently came, their appearance restoring something like order. Tom o' the Gleam advanced, "I am ready," he said, in a quiet voice, "I am the murderer!"

They looked at him. Then by way of precaution one of them clasped a pair of manacles on his wrists.

"Where's the landlady?" said the officer briefly.

The poor hostess, her narrative interrupted by tears, told the story as far as she knew it. Tom o' the Gleam meanwhile stood rigidly upright and silent. To him the chief officer finally turned.

"Do you mean to give us trouble?" he asked.

Tom lifted his dark eyes.

"I shall give no man any more trouble. But I must speak. You think—all of you—that I had no cause to kill the man who lies there. But I HAD cause—the bitterest and the worst! That man was a



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murderer as surely as I am. Look yonder!" And lifting his manacled hands he extended them towards the bench where lay the bundle covered with horse-cloth. "Look, I say!—and then tell me I had no cause!"

With an uneasy glance one of the officers went up to the spot indicated, and fearfully lifted the horse-cloth and looked under it. Then with an exclamation of horror he disclosed to view the dead body of a child,—a little curly-headed lad,—lying with a smile on its pretty mouth, and a bunch of wild thyme clasped in the clenched fingers of its small right hand.

"It's Kiddie!"

The exclamation was uttered almost simultaneously by every one in the room. Kiddie, Tom o' the Gleam's little son, whom he idolized with an overpowering passion!

There was an awful silence and the officers of the law stood inactive. The two girls and their mother knelt beside the dead child crying bitterly and smoothing back with tender hands the thickly tangled dark curls. Tom o' the Gleam watched them, and he uttered a sudden sigh.

"You understand now," he said slowly, staring with piteous eyes at the little lifeless body, "the motor killed my Kiddie! I rushed to take the boy, but was too late—he cried once—and then—silence! All the laughter gone out of him—all the life and love" he paused with a shudder—"I carried him all the way, and saw the car break down. I tracked the murderers here" he paused again. Then he held out his hands and looked at the constable.

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"May I—before I go—take him in my arms—and kiss him?" he asked.

The officer nodded and threw the manacles on the floor. Then Tom himself moved unsteadily to where the woman knelt beside his dead child. They rose as he approached, but did not turn away.

"You have hearts, you women!" he said faintly. "You know what it is to love a child! And Kiddie!—Kiddie was such a happy little fellow! so strong and hearty!—so full of life! And now,—now he's stiff and cold! Only this morning he was jumping and laughing in my arms"

No one spoke. The women still sobbed convulsively, but otherwise there was a great silence. Tom o' the Gleam stretched forth his hands with an eloquent gesture of passion:

"Look at him lying there!" he cried—"Only a child—a little child!" So pretty and playful! All his joy in the birds and flowers! He was happy with the simplest things—and when we put him to bed in his little hammock under the trees, he would smile up at the stars and say: 'Mother's up there! Good night mother!' Oh, the lonely trees, and the empty hammock! Oh, my lad — murdered! murdered! Gone from me forever! God! Forever!

Reeling heavily forward, he sank in a crouching heap beside his child and snatched it into his embrace, kissing the little cold lips and cheeks and eyelids again, and again, and pressing it with frantic fervour against his breast.

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"Kiddie—my Kiddie!" he murmured—"Little one with my love's eyes, her face! Don't go to sleep, Kiddie!—not just yet!—wake up and kiss me once!—only once again, Kiddie!"

All at once he struggled to his feet without assistance, and stood upright, still clasping the body of his child in his arms:

"Come, come!" he said thickly—"It's time we were off Kiddie! We must get across the moor and into camp. It's time for all lambs to be in the fold,—time to go to bed, my little lad! Good night mates! Not one law for the rich and another for the poor! Even justice, boys! Justice! Justice!"

Here his voice broke in a great and awful cry,—blood sprang from his lips—his face grew darkly purple,—and like a huge tree snapped asunder by a storm, he reeled heavily to the ground. One of the constables caught him as he fell.

"Hold up, Tom!" he said tremulously, "Don't give way! Be a man! Steady! Here, let me take the poor kiddie!"

"No—No!—Don't take my boy!" he muttered feebly. "Let me—keep him—with me! God is good—good after all!—we shall not—be parted!"

A strong convulsion shook him from head to foot, and he writhed in agony. The officer supported his head and said gently, "A broken heart!"

One of the countrymen pushed his way to the side of the fallen man and faltered out, "Tom! Tom, old chap! Don't leave us! There's not one of us as'll think ill of ye!—no, not if the law was to shut ye

A Song of the Open

Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me an open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

Give me three days' solitude
Sea or hill or open plain,
And with al! the earth renewed,
I grow strong and glad and sane.

—Bliss Carman.

up for life! You was allus good to us poor folk—an' poor folk ain't as forgettin' o' kindness as rich. Stay an' help us along, Tom!—You was allus brave an' cheery—an' there's many of us wantin' comfort and cheer, eh Tom?"

Tom's splendid dark eyes opened, and a smile, very wan and wistful gleamed across his lips.

"Is that you, Jim?" he muttered feebly. "It's all dark and cold!—I can't see!—I'm afraid I can't help you, Jim—not tonight! Wanting comfort, did you say? Ay!—Plenty wanting that, but I'm past giving it, my boy! I'm done."

He drew a struggling breath with pain and difficulty. His eyelids fell wearily, and a shadow, dark at first, and then lightening into an ivory pallor, began to cover his features like a fine mask, at sight of which, every one in the room knelt down, and there was a profound silence. Tom's breathing grew heavier and more laboured—once they made an attempt to lift the weight of his child's dead body from his breast, but his hands were clinched upon it so that they could not loosen his hold.

Suddenly Tom opened his eyes with a surprised bright look.

"Is Kiddie all right?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom!" It was Grace who answered, bending over him—"Kiddie's all right! He's fast asleep in your arms."

"So he is!" And the brilliancy in Tom's eyes grew still more radiant, while with one hand he caressed the thick dark curls of his boy. "Poor little chap! Tired out, and so am I! It's very cold, surely!"

"Yes, Tom, it is, very cold!"

"I thought so! I—I must keep the child warm. They'll be worried in camp over all this. Kiddie never stays out so late. He's such a little fellow—only four!—and he goes to bed early, always. And when—when he's asleep—why then—then—the day's over for me,—and night begins—night begins!"

Autographs

Lillian Johnson.
 Dorothy Standerwick
 Elsie C. Leethan
 Mally Bannen
 Edna Thompson
 Agnes Moir.
 G. Hay.
 Daisy E. Wray.
 Daisy E. Wray.

The smile lingered on his lips, and settled there at last in coldest gravity,—death covered his features with an impenetrable stillness—all was over! Tom o' the Gleam had gone with his slain child, and the victim he had sacrificed to his revenge, into the presence of that Supreme Recorder who chronicles all deeds both good and evil, and who, in the character of Divine Justice, may, perchance, find that the sheer brutal selfishness of the modern social world is more utterly to be condemned and more criminal even than murder.

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